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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

CONTAINING

HIS PLAYS AND POEMS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THIRD,

CONTAINING

MACBETH.
KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. PART I.
KING HENRY IV. PART II.
KING HENRY V.

MACBETH.

Perſons repreſented.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland:

Malcolm, Donalbain, } *his ſons.*

Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's army.*

Macduff, Lenox, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.

Siward, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* Eng *forces.*

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An Engliſh *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*

A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attenda and Meſſengers.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in Englai *through the reſt of the play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly* Macbeth's *caſtle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* When ſhall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won:
3 *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vaniſh.*

SCENE II. A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding* SOLDIER.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.

Mal. This is the ſergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy ſoldier, fought
'Gainſt my captivity!—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The mercileſs Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him,) from the weſtern iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowglaſſes is ſupplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel ſmiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deſerves that name,)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſh'd ſteel,
Which ſmok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his paſſage, till he fac'd the ſlave;
And ne'er ſhook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O, valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping Kernes to truſt their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, ſurveying 'vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
Dun. Diſmay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They ſmack of honour both:—Go, get him ſurgeons.
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Roſſe. [he look,
Len. What a haſte looks through his eyes! So ſhould
That ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Rosse. God ſave the king!
Dun. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himſelf, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a diſmal conflict.
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happineſs!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves compoſition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thouſand dollars to our general uſe.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt:—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll ſee it done.

Dun. What he hath loſt, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeun*

SCENE III. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Gi*
me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her huſband's to Aleppo gone, maſter o'the Tiger;
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myſelf have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the ſhipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid:
Weary ſev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, ſhow me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips:—You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis,

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good ſir, why do you ſtart; and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhow? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not:
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And theſe are of them:—Whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root,
That takes the reaſon priſoner?

Macb. Your children ſhall be kings.

Ban. You ſhall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not ſo?

Ban. To the ſelf-ſame tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy ſucceſs: and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o' the ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came poſt with poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
To herald thee into his ſight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dreſs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings,
When thoſe that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That, truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.—
Couſins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This ſupernatural ſoliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACB. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir.

BAN. New honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

MACB. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

MACB. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſter'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

DUN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

MAL. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die: who did report,

That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that hath been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.—O worthieſt couſin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompenſe is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children, and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.—Sons, kinſmen, thanes,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—From hence to Inverneſs,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Inverneſs. *A Room in* MACBETH's *Caſtle.*
Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in deſire to queſtion them*

further, they made themſelves—air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the king, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs; that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promiſed thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way: Thou would'ſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily; would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win: thou'd'ſt have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear;
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to ſay it:
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So pleaſe you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;

Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
LADY M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit ATTENDANT.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Enter MACBETH.
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
MACB. My deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
LADY M. And when goes hence?
MACB. To-morrow,—as he purpoſes.
LADY M. O, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

May read ſtrange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my deſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttreſs,
Nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield us for your pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majeſty loads our houſe: For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady M. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and paſs over the ſtage, a ſewer, and divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,—

We'd jump the life to come.—But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed juſtice
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind.—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on the other.—How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almoſt ſupp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,

Wherein you dreſs'd yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beaſt was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſh'd the brains out, had I ſo ſworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail,——

Lady M. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,

That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only: When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers; who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The ſame. Court within the Caſtle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *and a Servant with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, ſir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword:—There's huſbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful powers!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe!—Give me my ſword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, ſir, not yet at reſt? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unuſual pleaſure, and
Sent forth great largeſs to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs; and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.

Ban. All's well,
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters;
To you they have ſhow'd ſome truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure,

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,—when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.

Ban. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſel'd.

Macb. Good repoſe, the while!

Ban. Thanks, ſir; The like to you! [*Exit* BANQUO.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not; and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.——Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold: [—Peace!
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores: I have drugg'd their [poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs them.—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done't.—My huſband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didſt thou not hear a noiſe?

Lady M. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the ſecond chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I ſtood and heard them:
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd them
Again to ſleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bleſs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had ſeen me, with theſe hangman's hands,
Liſtening their fear. I could not ſay, amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady M. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the revell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt;

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the houſe:
Glamis hath murder'd ſleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall ſleep no more, Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brainſickly of things:—Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.—
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?

They muſt lie there: Go, carry them; and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

LADY M. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers: The ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

MACB. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſeas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How eaſy is it then? Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhow us to be watchers:—Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed,—'twere beſt not know myſelf. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'ſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame.

Enter a PORTER. [*Knocking within.*

PORTER. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale; who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an Engliſh tailor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French hoſe: Come in, tailor; here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to the everlaſting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

MACD. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?

PORT. 'Faith, ſir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock: and drink, ſir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACD. What three things does drink eſpecially provoke?

PORT. Marry, ſir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, ſir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore,

much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACD. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night.

PORT. That it did, ſir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

MACD. Is thy maſter ſtirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

LEN. Good morrow, noble ſir!

MACB. Good-morrow, both!

MACD. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?

MACB. Not yet.

MACD. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almoſt ſlipp'd the hour.

MACB. I'll bring you to him.

MACD. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

MACB. The labour we delight in, phyſicks pain.
This is the door.

MACD. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Exit MACDUFF.*

LEN. Goes the king
From hence to-day.

MACB. He does:—he did appoint ſo.

LEN. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'the air; ſtrange ſcreams of death;

And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece!
Moſt ſacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?

Len. Mean you his Majeſty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſigh
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treaſon!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf!—up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To conntenance this horror. [*Bell rings*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak,——

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal maſter's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiſs?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopp'd; the very ſource of it is ſtopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They ſtar'd, and were diſtracted; no man's life
Was to be truſted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temperate, and furio
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauſer reaſon.—Here lay Duncan,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance: there the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make his love known?

Ladr M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried o*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure, let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous malice.

Macb. And ſo do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhow an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Without the Caſtle.

Enter Rosse, and an Old Man.

Old M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou ſee'ſt, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tueſday laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,

Was by a mouſing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain,)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, ſir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not? [deed?
Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
Macd. Thoſe that Macbeth hath ſlain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two ſons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be inveſted.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, couſin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;—
adieu!——
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you; and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches ſhine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

Sennet ſounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.

Ban. Let your highneſs

Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper: go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horſe: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot;
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be maſter of his time
Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
Till ſupper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend thoſe men our pleaſure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

ath a wildom that doth guide his valour
ct in ſafety. There is none, but he,
ſe being I do fear: and, under him,
genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
: Antony's was by Cæſar. He chid the ſiſters,
n firſt they put the name of King upon me,
bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
r hail'd him father to a line of kings:
ı my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
put a barren ſceptre in my gripe,
ıce to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
on of mine ſucceeding. If it be ſo,
Banquo's iſſue have I fil'd my mind;
them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
rancours in the veſſel of my peace
r for them; and mine eternal jewel
:n to the common enemy of man,
nake them kings, the ſeed of Banquo kings!
ıer than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
l champion me to the utterance!——Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* MURDERERS.

That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you
In our laſt conference; paſs'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how croſs'd; the inſtru
ments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves.
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'the time,
The moment on't; for't muſt be done to-night,
And ſomething from the palace; always thought,

That I require a clearneſs: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exeun*

SCENE II. The ſame. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* SERVANT.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exi*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than, by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy,

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it;
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtacy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady M. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's ſummons,
The ſhard-borne beetle, with his drowſy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, ſeeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and inviſible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the cro
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouſe.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeu*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Park or lawn, with a gate lea ing to the Palace.

Enter three MURDERERS.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt; ſince he delive
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.

1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horſes.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.

1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.

3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,

Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *a Servant with a torch preceding them.*

2 MUR. A light, a light!

3 MUR. 'Tis he.

1 MUR. Stand to't.

BAN. It will be rain to-night.

1 MUR. Let it come down. [*Aſſaults* BANQUO.

BAN. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'ſt revenge.—O ſlave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE *and Servant eſcape.*

3 MUR. Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 MUR. Was't not the way?

3 MUR. There's but one down; the ſon is fled.

2 MUR. We have loſt beſt half of our affair.

1 MUR. Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, LORDS, *and Attendants.*

MACB. You know your own degrees, ſit down: at firſt,
And laſt, the hearty welcome.

LORDS. Thanks to your majeſty.

MACB. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate; but, in beſt time,
We will require her welcome.

LADY M. Pronounce it for me, ſir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt MURDERER, *to the door.*

MACB. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——

Both ſides are even: Here I'll ſit i'the midſt:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a meaſure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banco's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he deſpatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beſt o'the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didſt it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Moſt royal ſir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the caſing air:
But now, I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſaucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's ſafe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord, ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown ſerpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the preſent.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourſelves again. [*Exit* MURDERER.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it pleaſe your highneſs ſit?
[*The Ghoſt of Banquo riſes, and ſits in Macbeth's place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our Banquo preſent;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!
Rosse. His abſence, ſir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe it your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reſerv'd, ſir.
Macb. Where? [neſs?
Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your high-
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep ſeat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,

(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there! behold! look! lo! how ſay you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes, and our graves, muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady M. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they riſe again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools: This is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll ſit down:—Give me ſome wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghoſt riſes.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miſs;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom: 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
[*Ghoſt diſappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, ſo;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, ſit ſtill.

Lady M. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With moſt admir'd diſorder.

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night:— [worſe;
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majeſty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, and underſtood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that Macduff denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you ſend to him, ſir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a one of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady M. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep: My ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The Heath.

Thunder. Enter HECATE, *meeting the three* WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhow the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide:
I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal-fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion:
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy.

SONG. [*within*] *Come away, come away,* &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *WITCH.* Come, let's make haſte; ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

LEN. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may ſay, if it pleaſe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not ſtraight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heaven, he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father; ſo ſhould Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,

Macduff lives in diſgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the Engliſh court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious Edward with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate the king, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a caution, to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.——
Toad, that under coldeſt ſtone,
Days and nights haſt thirty one
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaſpheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;

Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one ſhall ſhare i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Black ſpirits and white,
Red ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) anſwer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer. [mouth:

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dſt rather hear it from ou
Or from our maſters'?

Macb. Call them, let me ſee them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyſelf, and office, deftly ſhow.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduf
Beware the thane of Fife.—Diſmiſs me:—Enough.
[*deſcend*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good cautio
thanks;
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's anothe
More potent than the firſt.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

MACB. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APP. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute: laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*deſcends.*

MACB. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate: thou ſhalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And ſleep in ſpite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.*

That riſes like the iſſue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?

ALL. Liſten, but ſpeak not.

APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane hill
Shall come againſt him. [*deſcends*

MACB. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? ſweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, riſe never, till the wood
Of Birnam riſe, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal cuſtom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much,) ſhall Banquo's iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MACB. I will be ſatisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! Let me know:—

Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.
Eight kings appear, and paſs over the ſtage in order; the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand: Banquo following.
Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you ſhow me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line ſtretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A ſeventh?—I'll ſee no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhows me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry:
Horrible ſight!—Ay, now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this ſo?
1 *Witch.* Ay, ſir, all this is ſo:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, ſiſters, cheer we up his ſprights,
And ſhow the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Muſick. The Witches dance, and vaniſh.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

LEN. What's your grace's will?

MACB. Saw you the weïrd ſiſters?

LEN. No, my lord.

MACB. Came they not by you?

LEN. No, indeed, my lord.

MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all thoſe that truſt them!—I did hear
The galloping of horſe: Who was't came by?

LEN. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

MACB. Fled to England?

LEN. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook,
Unleſs the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurpriſe;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace his line. No boaſting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool:
But no more ſights!—Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Fife. *A Room in* MACDUFF'S *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* SON, *and* ROSSE.

L. MACD. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

ROSSE. You muſt have patience, madam.

L. MACD. He had none:
His flight was madneſs: When our actions do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wiſdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Rosse. My deareſt coz',
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf: But, for your huſband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'the ſeaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.
Rosse. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother,
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime, The pit-fall, nor the gin. [ſet for.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? Poor birds they are not My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit; and yet i'faith, With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools: for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly;
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* MESSENGER.

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I have done no harm?——What are theſe faces?

Enter MURDERERS.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*ſtabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit L.* MACDUFF, *crying murder, and purſued by the murderers.*

SCENE III. England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,

Beſtride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like ſyllable of dolour.

MAL. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance.
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me; and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appeaſe an angry god.

MACD. I am not treacherous.

MAL. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe:
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

MACD. I have loſt my hopes. [doubts.

MAL. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
Why in that rawneſs left you wife, and child,
(Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties:—You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,

For goodneſs dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thouſands: But, for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is myſelf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow; and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will; Better Macbeth,
Than ſuch a one to reign.

MACD. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

MAL. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that, were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe:
And my more having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good, and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

MACD. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeding luſt: and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,

As juſtice, verity, temperance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſéverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them; but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak;
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurs'd,
And does blaſphème his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day ſhe lived. Fare thee well!
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from Scotland.—O, my breaſt,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodneſs,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a DOCTOR.

MAL. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCT. Ay, ſir: there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure: their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art; but at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend.

MAL. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit DOCTOR.*

MACD. What is the diſeaſe he means?

MAL. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A moſt miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, ſince my here-remain in England,
I have ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heaven,
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely-viſited people,

All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtacy: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the neweſt grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech; How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create ſoldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Rosse. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,

Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I gueſs at it.
Rosse. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words: the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, ſervants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now!

Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him; if he 'ſcape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor *of phyſick, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd!
Gent. Since his majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.
Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, ſir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis moſt meet you ſhoul

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witn to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here ſhe comes! This is her very guiſe; an upon my life, faſt aſleep. Obſerve her; ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by h continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? Look, how ſhe ru her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſee thus waſhing her hands; I have known her continue this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks: I will ſet down what com from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongl

Lady M. Out, damned ſpot! out, I ſay!—One; Tw Why, then 'tis time to do't:——Hell is murky!—Fi my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afear'd? What need we fe who knows it, when none can call our power to a count?—Yet who would have thought the old man have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is ſl now?——What, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?—N more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all wi this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhoul not.

GENT. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

LADY M. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCT. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charged.

GENT. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCT. Well, well, well,—

GENT. 'Pray God, it be, ſir.

DOCT. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: Yet I have known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

LADY M. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown; look not ſo pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

DOCT. Even ſo?

LADY M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady MACBETH.*

DOCT. Will ſhe go now to bed?

GENT. Directly.

DOCT. Foul whiſperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight:
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

GENT. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The country near Dunſinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

MENT. The Engliſh power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

ANG. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CATH. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

LEN. For, certain, ſir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's ſon,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

MEN. What does the tyrant?

CATH. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly fortifies:
Some ſay, he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

ANG. Now does he feel
His ſecret murders ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

MENT. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?

CATH. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
LEN. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*
Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, *and Attendants.*

MACB. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The ſpirits that know
All mortal conſequents, pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.——Then fly, falſe thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh epicures:
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.
Enter a SERVANT.
The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look?
SER. There is ten thouſand——
MACB. Geeſe, villain?
SER. Soldiers, ſir.
MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?
SER. The Engliſh force, ſo pleaſe you. [heart,
MACB. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am ſick at

When I behold—Seyton, I ſay!—This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſſeat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirr the country round;
Hang thoſe that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelf.

Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my ſtaff:—
Seyton, ſend out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, ſir, deſpatch:—If thou could'ſt, doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again.—Pull't off, I ſay.—
What rhubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe Engliſh hence?—Heareſt thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam foreſt come to Dunſinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Country near Dunſinane: *A wood in view. Enter, with Drum and Colours,* Malcolm, *Old* Siward *and his Son,* Macduff, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Couſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps ſtill in Dunſinane, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V. Dunſinane. *Within the Caſtle.*
Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* Our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within, of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe, and ſtir

As life were in't: I have ſupp'd full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me.—Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She ſhould have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools.
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue; thy ſtory quickly.

MES. Gracious my lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do it.

MACB. Well, ſay, ſir.

MES. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACB. Liar, and ſlave! [*ſtriking him.*

MES. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

MACB. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.—

I pull in reſolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunſinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunſinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun,
And wiſh the eſtate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The ſame. A Plain before the Caſtle.

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

MAL. Now near enough; your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhow like thoſe you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

SIW. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACD. Make all our trumpets ſpeak; give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII. The ſame. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. They have tied me to a ſtake; I cannot fly,

But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noiſe is:—Tyrant, ſhow thy face:
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd age,
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Siw. Enter, ſir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

MACD. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhow and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.
MACB. I'll not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt: Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that firſt cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flouriſh. Re-enter with Drum and Colours. *MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

MAL. I would the friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
SIW. Some muſt go off: and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
MAL. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
ROSSE. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he died.
SIW. Then he is dead? [ſorrow
ROSSE. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
SIW. Had he his hurts before?
ROSSE. Ay, on the front.
SIW. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!

Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head on a pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for ſo thou art: Behold, where ſtands
The uſurper's curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſs'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds;
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!
All. King of Scotland, hail! [*Flouriſh.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinſmen,
Henceforth be earls, the firſt that ever Scotland
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

KING JOHN.

Perſons repreſented.

King John:
Prince Henry, *his ſon; afterwards King* Henry III.
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *ſon of* Geffrey, *late Duke of* Bretagne, *the elder brother of King* John.
William Mareſhall, *Earl of* Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of* Eſſex, *Chief Juſticiary of* England
William Longſword, *Earl of* Saliſbury.
Robert Bigot, *Earl of* Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſon of Sir* Robert Faulconbridge
Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother; baſtard ſon to King* Richard *the Firſt.*
James Gurney, *ſervant to Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*
Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the Dauphin.*
Arch-duke *of* Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatillon, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *the widow of King* Henry II. *and mother of King* John.
Conſtance, *mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, and *niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, *Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ſometimes in England, *and ſometimes in* France.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*
Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

K. JOHN. Now, ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHAT. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majeſty,
The borrow'd majeſty of England here.

ELI. A ſtrange beginning;—borrow'd majeſty!

K. JOHN. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.

CHAT. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother Geffrey's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal ſovereign.

K. JOHN. What follows, if we diſallow of this?

CHAT. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce theſe rights ſo forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; ſo anſwer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furtheſt limit of my embaſſy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canſt report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*

Eli. What now, my ſon? have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious Conſtance would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful bloody iſſue arbitrate.

K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion, much more than your right;
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, ſhall hear.

Enter the Sheriff *of* Northamptonſhire, *who whiſpers* *Essex.*

Essex. My leige, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, ſhall pay
Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his baſtard brother.*
This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Baſt. Your faithful ſubject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonſhire; and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems.
Baſt. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Baſt. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Baſt. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old ſir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;—
O old ſir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent u here?

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, ſir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once deſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourned at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf,)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was her's;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all huſbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In ſooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him:—This concludes,—
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, ſir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed ſon of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, ſir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding-rods,
My arms ſuch eelſkins ſtuff'd; my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,

Leſt men ſhould ſay, look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his ſhape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be ſir Nob in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year;
Yet ſell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down Philip, but ariſe more great;
Ariſe, ſir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, ſir Robert was away.

Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard, call me ſo.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch:
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſs knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee!
For thou waſt got i' the way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:——
Good den, ſir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too reſpective, and too ſociable,
For your converſion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My picked man of countries:——*My dear ſir,*
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I ſhall beſeech you—That is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an ABC-book:—
O ſir, ſays anſwer, *at your beſt command;*
At your employment; at your ſervice, ſir:——
No, ſir, ſays queſtion; *I, ſweet ſir, at yours:*
And ſo, ere anſwer knows what queſtion would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Appennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward ſupper in concluſion ſo.

But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit, like myſelf;
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.—
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

Lady F. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Baſt. My brother Robert? old ſir Robert's ſon?
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it ſir Robert's ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady F. Sir Robert's ſon! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: Why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's ſon; and ſo art thou.

Baſt. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Baſt. Philip?—ſparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit* GURNEY.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's ſon;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confeſs!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Baſt. Knight, knight, good mother,—Baſiliſco-like:
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my ſhoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Haſt thou denied thyſelf a Faulconbridge?

Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed:——
Heaven lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!—
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd, paſt my defence.

Baſt. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhow thee to my kin;
And they ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been ſin:
Who ſays it was, he lies; I ſay, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. *Before the walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on one ſide, the Archduke of Auſtria, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of* France, *and Forces,* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Auſtria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that rob'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Paleſtine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, Engliſh John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou haſt in France,
Together with that pale, and white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Even till that utmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town.—
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. PHI. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wiſh,
Our meſſenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee: Chatillon, ſpeak.

CHAT. Then turn your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unſettled humours of the land,—
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,—
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcath in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. PHI. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

AUST. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;

For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* BASTARD, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. JOHN. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace aſcend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. PHI. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's ſake,
With burden of our armour here we ſweat:
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt underwrought his lawful king,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Outfaced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermaſtereſt?

K. JOHN. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To draw my anſwer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whoſe warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whoſe help, I mean to châſtiſe it.

K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuſe; it is to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou doſt call uſurper, France?

Const. Let me make anſwer;—thy uſurping ſon.

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be king;
That thou may'ſt be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! By my ſoul, I think,
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, ſir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoke your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as ſightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' ſhoes upon an aſs:—
But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we ſhall do ſtraight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very ſum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as ſoon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now ſhame upon you, whe'r ſhe does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draw thoſe heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heaven ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monſtrous injurer of heaven and earth
Call not me ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppreſſed boy: This is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to ſay,—
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her ſin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her ſin;
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence, to cry aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of Angiers; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itſelf:
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us firſt:——
Theſe flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparation for a bloody ſiege,
And mercileſs proceeding by theſe French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waiſt do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But, on the ſight of us, your lawful king,——
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle:
And now, inſtead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoke,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears:
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Forwearied in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phi. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right,
Of him it holds, ſtands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, have all offence ſeal'd up;
Our cannon's malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a bleſſed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's ſubject
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed,—

Baſt. Baſtards, and elſe.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well born bloods as thoſe,——

Baſt. Some baſtards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We, for the worthieſt, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Baſt. St. George,—that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince,
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, ſirrah, [*To Austria.*] with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Baſt. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll ſet forth,
In beſt appointment, all our regiments.

Baſt. Speed then, to take advantage of the field. [hill

K. Phi. It ſhall be ſo;—[*To Lewis.*] and at the other
Command the reſt to ſtand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Alarums and Excurſions; then a Retreat. Enter a FRENCH HERALD, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. HER. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loſs, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an ENGLISH HERALD, *with trumpets.*

E. HER. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of France;
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying ſlaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies; whoſe equality

By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted
Both are alike; and both alike we like. [power:
One muſt prove greateſt: while they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one ſide, KING JOHN, *with his power;* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* BASTARD; *at the other,* KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erſwell
With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, loſt more: And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroll, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majeſty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the ſtained field,

You equal potents, firy-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
1 *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and of you.
1 *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, reſolv'd,
Be by ſome certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Bast. By heaven, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements, [kings;
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious ſcenes and acts of death.
Your royal preſences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jeruſalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town:
By eaſt and weſt let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades,
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:

Then, in a moment, fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the ſky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, ſhall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who ſhall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou haſt the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peeviſh town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy walls:
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be ſo:—Say, where will you aſſault?

K. John. We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the ſouth,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent diſcipline! From north to ſouth;
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each other's mouth: [*Aſide.*
I'll ſtir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhow you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without ſtroke, or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field:
Perſéver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a ſhe;
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O, two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates; for, at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſe of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon, fire, and ſmoke, and bounce;
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France:
Zounds! I was never ſo bethump'd with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whiſper: urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity, and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why anſwer not the double majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town? [firſt

K. Phi. Speak England firſt, that hath been forward
To ſpeak unto this city: What ſay you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,

And all that we upon this ſide the ſea
(Except this city now by us beſieg'd,)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princeſs of the world.

K. PHI. What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

LEW. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow:
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now infixed I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whiſpers with* BLANCH.

BAST. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth eſpy
Himſelf love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.

BLANCH. My uncle's will, in this reſpect, is mine:
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to ſpeak more properly,)
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I ſee in you, [judge)
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your

That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? What ſay you, my niece?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſhall vouchſafe to ſay.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, aſk me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueſſen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, theſe five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of Engliſh coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands. [hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, cloſe your

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at ſaint Mary's chapel, preſently,
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Conſtance in this troop?—
I know, ſhe is not; for this match, made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much:—
Where is ſhe and her ſon? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is ſad and paſſionate at your highneſs' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Conſtance;
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity:—I truſt we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whoſe armour conſcience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier,) rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil;
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itſelf is peiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent:

And this ſame bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay,—there is no ſin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The ſame. The French *King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, *ARTHUR, and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo; thou haſt miſſpoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo;
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſs'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confeſs, thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SAL. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

CONST. O, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy ſight;
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

CONST. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

ARTH. I do beſeech you, madam, be content.

CONST. If thou, that bid'ſt me be content, wert grim,

Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I ſhould not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave thoſe woes alone, which I alone,
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings. [thee:

Const. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble; for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrow ſit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herſelf on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day,
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchemiſt;
Turning, with ſplendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſs'd:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Reſembling majeſty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueleſs: You are forſworn, forſworn;
You came in arms to ſpill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,

And our oppreſſion hath made up this league :—
Arm, arm, you heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd kings !
A widow cries ; be huſband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere ſunſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd kings !
Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Conſtance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges ! O Auſtria ! thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil : Thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward ;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide !
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety ! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool ; to brag, and ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide ?
Been ſworn my ſoldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength ?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me !

Bast. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou doſt forget thyſelf.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !—

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiouſly demand,
Why thou againſt the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This, in our 'foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. JOHN. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred king?
Thou canſt not, cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the aſſiſtance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence ſet apart,
To him, and his uſurp'd authority.

K. PHI. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Chriſten-
Are led ſo groſsly by this meddling prieſt, [dom,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that ſale, ſells pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt, ſo groſsly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppoſe
Againſt the pope, and count his friends my foes.
PAND. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worſhip'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.
CONST. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curſe a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curſes; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.
PAND. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curſe.
CONST. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?
PAND. Philip of France, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that archheretick;
And raiſe the power of France upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to Rome. [hand.
ELI. Look'ſt thou pale, France? do not let go thy
CONST. Look to that, devil! leſt that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.
AUST. King Philip, liſten to the cardinal.
BAST. And hang a calf's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.
AUST. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe—

Bast. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the cardinal?
Const. What ſhould he ſay, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome,
Or the light loſs of England for a friend:
Forgo the eaſier.
Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The lady Conſtance ſpeaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Const. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Aust. Do ſo, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curs'd? [more,
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows;
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal ſelves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,——
Heaven knows, they were beſmear'd and overſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm;
Unſwear faith ſworn; and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy ſir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo:
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order; and then we ſhall be bleſs'd
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

PAND. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed lion by the mortal paw,
A faſting tiger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. PHI. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PAND. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,

Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heaven, firſt be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf,
And may not be perform'd by thyſelf:
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is, to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſehood falſehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion;
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt;
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth
Againſt an oath: The truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe, what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear only to be forſworn;
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf:
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchſafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee;
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.
Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; What motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muſe, your majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head. [thee.
K. Phi. Thou ſhalt not need;—England, I'll fall from
Const. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy! [hour.
K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this
Bast. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.
Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: Fair day, a-
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal? [dieu!

I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win;
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe;
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe;
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.—
[*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition,
Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excurſions. Enter the Bastard with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. Auſtria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:

My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I reſcu'd her;
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame.

Alarums; Excurſions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and Lords.*

K. JOHN. So ſhall it be; your grace ſhall ſtay behind,
[*To* ELINOR.
So ſtrongly guarded.—Couſin, look not ſad: [*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.
K. JOHN. Couſin, [*To the* BASTARD.] away for England; haſte before:
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; impriſoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our commiſſion in his utmoſt force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſs:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewell, my gentle couſin.
K. JOHN. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* BASTARD.
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* ARTHUR *aſide.*
K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to ſay,—
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majeſty.

K. John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſa ſo yet:
But thou ſhalt have; and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay,—But let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a churchyard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, elſe, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes;)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;

Then, in deſpite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way;
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember.——Madam, fare you well:
I'll ſend thoſe powers o'er to your majeſty.

Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!

K. John. For England, couſin:
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. The French *King's Tent.*
Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted ſail
Is ſcatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all ſhall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſoner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, ſpite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a ſoul;
Holding the eternal ſpirit, againſt her will,
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now ſee the iſſue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Conſtance!
Const. No, I defy all counſel, all redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench! ſound rottenneſs!
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy déteſtable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſehold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,

And be a carrion monſter like thyſelf:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſs thee as thy wife! Miſery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world;
And rouſe from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which ſcorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Conſtance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I ſhould forget myſelf:
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!—
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up thoſe treſſes: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs!
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiry friends

Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.——
And, father cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy again;
For, ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die; and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heaven
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dreſs.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields naught, but ſhame and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt; evils, that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhow evil:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis ſtrange, to think how much king John hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his priſoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak, with a prophetick ſpirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,

Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of reſt:
A ſceptre, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up:
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lew. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you:
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety, and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth,
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it:
No natural exhalation in the ſky,
No ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, préſages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O, ſir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The baſtard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent:
Now that their ſouls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reaſons make ſtrong actions: Let us go;
If you ſay, ay, the king will not ſay, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room in the Caſtle.*
Enter HUBERT, *and two* ATTENDANTS.

Hub. Heat me theſe irons hot; and, look thou ſtand
Within the arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you: look to't:—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are ſad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long;
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſudden, and deſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now,
fooliſh rheum! [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!

I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect:
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will. [ake,
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me,)
And I did never aſk it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why, then you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itſelf, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his firy indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, *with cord, irons,* &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heaven's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.
[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,

Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe!
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, ſpare mine eyes;
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes: See elſe yourſelf;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead:
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports.
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go cloſely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the Palace. Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his ſtate.

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt;
Freſh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful, and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;

And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs:
And, oftentimes, excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe;
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel: but it pleas'd your highneſs
To overbear it; and we are all well-pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.

K. John. Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſs'd you with, and think them ſtrong;
And more, more ſtrong, (when leſſer is my fear,)
I ſhall indue you with: Mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,)
Both for myſelf and them, (but, chief of all,
Your ſafety, for the which myſelf and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies,) heartily requeſt

The enfranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong,) ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. JOHN. Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

PEMB. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed;
He ſhow'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhow the mood of a much-troubled breaſt;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſet:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

PEMB. And, when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,

The ſuit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick:
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis ſhame,
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſsly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and ſo farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord Saliſbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by other's death.——

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou haſt; Where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never ſuch a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them;
For, when you ſhould be told they do prepare,

The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army could be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſs. My liege, her ear
Is ſtop'd with duſt; the firſt of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Conſtance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or falſe, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France!—
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſs. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.—Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Baſt. But, if you be afeard to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Baſt. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;

Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he ſung, in rude harſh-ſounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; impriſon him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he ſays,
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.—O my gentle couſin,

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd? [it:

Baſt. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of
Beſides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Saliſbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. John. Gentle kinſman, go,
And thruſt thyſelf into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Baſt. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion!—
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels;

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a ſpriteful noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the ſtreets
Do prophecy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear;
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, (which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contráry feet,)
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death. [fears?

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majeſty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the laſt account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation!
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadeſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd, to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—— [pauſe,

K John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a
When I ſpake darkly what I purpos'd;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me:

But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And, conſequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me; and my ſtate is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, anſwer not; but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haſte:
I cónjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

ARTH. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!——
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ſhipboy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:—
Heaven take my ſoul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

SAL. Lords, I will meet him at ſaint Edmund's-Bury;
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

PEMB. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SAL. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whoſeſp rivate with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than theſe lines import.

BIG. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

SAL. Or, rather then ſet forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

BAST. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtraight.

SAL. The king hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin beſtained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks;
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.

Bast. But there is little reaſon in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, ſir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his maſter, no man elſe.

Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? This is the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this, ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpoſe, of the king:—
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to his breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.

Pemb. Big. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte in ſeeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath ſent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Muſt I rob the law. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Baſt. Your ſword is bright, ſir: put it up again.

Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murderer's ſkin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Saliſbury, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heaven, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend

My innocent life againſt an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none: Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Saliſbury:
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime;
Or I'll ſo maul you and your toaſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
The uncleanly ſavours of a ſlaughter-houſe;
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſin.
Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach

Of mercy, if thou didſt this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, ſir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.

Hub. Upon my ſoul,——

Bast. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And, if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.——
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.——
I am amaz'd, methinks; and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How eaſy doſt thou take all England up!
From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and ſcamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt,)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again [*Giving John the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualified.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,

That preſent medicine muſt be miniſter'd,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.

PAND. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the pope:
But, ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war,
And make fair weather in your bluſtering land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. JOHN. Is this Aſcenſion-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Aſcenſion-day at noon,
My crown I ſhould give off? Even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets;
An empty caſket, where the jewel of life
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

BAST. So, on my ſoul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world ſee fear, and ſad diſtruſt,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away; and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be ſaid!—Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Baſt. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.

Baſt. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to theſe lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaſter by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker.; O, and there,
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury:
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice and confuſed wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this;
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up

Her enemies' ranks, (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a pagan ſhore;
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-ſpend it ſo unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper doſt thou ſhow in this;
And great affections, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,

As Lewis himſelf:—ſo; nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions ſet the name of right,
With holy breath.

PAND. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to Rome; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis and ſee of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhow.

LEW. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at control,
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign ſtate throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this châſtis'd kingdom and myſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's ſlave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lew. Outſide or inſide, I will not return
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promiſed
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook conqueſt, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am ſent to ſpeak:——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Baſt. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well:—Now hear our Engliſh king;
For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould:
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſque, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſaucineſs, and boyiſh troops,
The king doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To hug with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Engliſhman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame:
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,

Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt outſcold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Bast. No, I will ſpeak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our intereſt, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majeſty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is ſick!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Meſs. My lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinſtead, to the abbey there.

Meſs. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinſtead: to my litter ſtraight;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. Another part of the ſame.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king ſo ſtor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the French;
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

Sal. That miſbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In ſpite of ſpite, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They ſay, king John, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;

For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompenſe the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.

SAL. May this be poſſible! may this be true!

MEL. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Reſolveth from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe; ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt:
But even this night,—whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmokes about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this reſpect beſides,
For that my grandſire was an Engliſhman,—
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my ſoul
With contemplation and devout deſires.
SAL. We do believe thee,—And beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newneſs, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V. The ſame. The French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, *and his Train.*

LEW. The ſun of heaven, methought, was loth to ſet;
But ſtay'd, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,
When the Engliſh meaſur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
LEW. Here:—What news?
MESS. The count Melun is ſlain; the Engliſh lords,
By his perſuaſion, are again fallen off:
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,

Are caſt away, and ſunk, on Goodwin ſands.

Lew. Ah, foul ſhrewd news!—Beſhrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that ſaid,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinſtead-Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD, *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.

Baſt. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baſt. Whither doſt thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Baſt. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?

Baſt. Who thou wilt: an if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt befriend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeleſs night,
Have done me ſhame:—Brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Baſt. Come, come; ſans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my ſweet ſir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: the king
Yet ſpeaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didſt thou leave to tend his majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majeſty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe Lincoln waſhes have devour'd them;
Myſelf, well-mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The Orchard of Swinſtead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak ; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he ſtill rage ? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pemb. He is more patient .
Than when you left him ; even now he ſung.

P. Hen. O vanity of ſickneſs ! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themſelves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them inſenſible ; and his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies ;
Which, in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange, that death ſhould
I am the cygnet to this pale faint ſwan, [ſing.—
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in King* JOHN *in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room ;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,

That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majeſty?

K. John. Poiſon'd,—ill fare; dead, forſook, caſt off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not aſk you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The ſalt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your majeſty.

K. John. O couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the ſhrouds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him:

For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even ſo muſt I run on, and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.——
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your right ſpheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction, and perpetual ſhame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us ſeek, or ſtraight we ſhall be ſought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems, you know not then ſo much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath deſpatch'd
To the ſeaſide, and put his cauſe and quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the cardinal:
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To cónſummate this buſineſs happily.
Bast. Let it be ſo:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worceſter muſt his body be interr'd;
For ſo he will'd it.
Bast. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate and glory of the land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, (nor never ſhall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them: Nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt.*

KING RICHARD II.

Perſons repreſented.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* York; } *uncles to the King.*
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter; }
Henry, *ſurnamed* Bolingbroke, *Duke of* Hereford, *ſon to* John *of* Gaunt; *afterwards King* Henry IV.
Duke *of* Aumerle, *ſon to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Duke *of* Surrey.
Earl *of* Saliſbury. Earl Berkley.
Buſhy, } *creatures to King* Richard.
Bagot, }
Green, }
Earl *of* Northumberland:
Henry Percy, *his ſon.*
Lord Roſs. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.
Biſhop of Carliſle. *Abbot of* Weſtminſter.
Lord Marſhal; *and another lord.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen *to King* Richard.
Ducheſs *of* Gloſter.
Ducheſs *of* York.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, diſperſedly in England *and* Wales.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN *of* GAUNT, *and other nobles, with him.*

K. RICH. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaſter,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold ſon;
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT. I have, my liege.

K. RICH. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,—
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him,
Aim'd at your highneſs, no inveterate malice.

K. RICH. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourſelves will hear

The accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeak:—
[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the ſea, haſty as fire.
Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.
Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious ſovereign, my moſt loving liege!
Nor. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treaſon.—
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. Firſt, (heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tendering the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, (ſo pleaſe my ſovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn ſword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay:
Firſt, the fair reverence of your highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him—a ſlanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoke, or thou canſt worſe deviſe.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my ſhoulder,

I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our couſin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſpeak my life ſhall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſs' ſoldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a falſe traitor, and injurious villain.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye,—
That all the treaſons, for theſe eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloſter's death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And, conſequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent ſoul through ſtreams of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement;
And, by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Nor. O, let my ſovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's ſon,)
Now by my ſcepter's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul;
He is our ſubject, Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Diſburs'd I duly to his highneſs' ſoldiers:
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent;
For that my ſovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now ſwallow down that lie.——For Gloſter's death,——
I ſlew him not; but, to my own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaſter,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul:
But, ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend;

And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom:
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your highneſs to aſſign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a makepeace ſhall become my age:—
Throw down, my ſon, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

Nor. Myſelf I throw, dread ſovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Deſpite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is—ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt
Is—a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſtfallen in my father's ſight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear;
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command:
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry, upon ſaint Lambert's day;
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, we ſhall ſee
Juſtice deſign the victor's chivalry.—
Marſhal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter GAUNT, *and Ducheſs of* GLOSTER.

GAUNT. Alas! the part I had in Gloſter's blood
Doth more ſolicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

DUCH. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſeven phials of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeven fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dried by nature's courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloſter,—
One phial full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that ſelf-mould, that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair:
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhow'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee:

That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is—to 'venge my Gloſter's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myſelf?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our couſin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on Hereford's ſpear;
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be Mowbray's ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant to my couſin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy ſometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewell: I muſt to Coventry:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where [it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go;
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—

With all good ſpeed at Plaſhy viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old York there ſee,
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where:
Deſolate, deſolate, will I hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Gosford-Green *near* Coventry.

Liſts ſet out, and a throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord MARSHAL, *and* AUMERLE.

MAR. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

AUM. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

MAR. The duke of Norfolk, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the ſummons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUM. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his majeſty's approach.

Flouriſh of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his ſeat on his throne;* GAUNT, *and ſeveral noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. RICH. Marſhal, demand of yonder champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms:
Aſk him his name; and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

MAR. In God's name, and the king's, ſay who thou art,
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms:
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[*He takes his ſeat.*

Trumpet ſounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal liſts?
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts;
Except the marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord marſhal, let me kiſs my ſovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majeſty:
For Mowbray, and myſelf, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highneſs,
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear:
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.— [you;—
My loving lord, [*To Lord Marshal.*] I take my leave of
Of you, my noble couſin, lord Aumerle;—
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*To Gaunt.*
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbiſh new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon. [ous!

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſper-

Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque
Of thy advérſe pernicious enemy:
Rouſe up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and ſaint George to thrive!

[*He takes his ſeat.*

Nor. [*Riſing.*] However heaven, or fortune, caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine adverſary.—
Moſt mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breaſt.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marſhal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their ſeats.*

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Riſing.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—
amen. [duke of Norfolk.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his ſovereign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,

And dares him to ſet forward to the fight. [Norfolk,

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his ſovereign, and to him, diſloyal;
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward combatants.
[*A charge ſounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flouriſh.*
Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' ſwords;
(And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, ſet you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;)
Which ſo rous'd up with boiſterous untun'd drums,
With harſh-reſounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we baniſh you our territories:——

You, couſin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment. [be,——
Boling. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me;
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce;
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeleſs word of—never to return
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.
Nor. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your highneſs' hand.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native Engliſh, now I muſt forego:
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our ſentence plaining comes too late.
Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night. [*Retiring.*
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:—
You never ſhall (ſo help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.
Boling. I ſwear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, ſo far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wander'd in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepúlcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land:
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty ſoul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too ſoon, I fear, the king ſhall rue.—

Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I ſtray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpéct
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters ſpent, [ment.
Return [*To Boling.*] with welcome home from baniſh-

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little 'vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For, ere the ſix years that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canſt give:
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—

O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I ſhould have been more mild:
A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him ſo;
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt K. Richard and Train.*

Aum. Couſin, farewell: what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. O, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.

Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.

Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Muſt I not ſerve a long apprenticehood
To foreign paſſages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus;
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the king did baniſh thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, ſay—I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence ſtrew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance:
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

BOLING. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummer's heat?
O, no! the apprehenſion of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay. [adieu;
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; ſweet ſoil,
My mother, and my nurſe, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,——
Though baniſh'd, yet a trueborn Engliſhman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. A Room in the King's Caſtle.
Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did obſerve.—Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next highway, and there I left him. [ſhed?
K. Rich. And, ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were
Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-eaſt wind,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces,
Awak'd the ſleeping rheum; and ſo, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear. [him?
K. Rich. What ſaid our couſin, when you parted with
Aum. Farewell:
And for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewells;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and Buſhy, Bagot here, and Green,

Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:—
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor craftſmen, with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſterwench;
A brace of draymen bid—God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*—
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope. [thoughts.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go theſe
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland;—
Expedient manage muſt be made, my liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means,
For their advantage and your highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will ourſelf in perſon to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs,—are grown ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand: If that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous ſick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath ſent poſt-haſte,

To entreat your majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-houſe.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray God, we may make haſte, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in Ely-houſe.*

Gaunt, on a Couch; the Duke of York, and Others ſtanding by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun, and muſick at the cloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt:
Though Richard my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is ſtopp'd with other flattering ſounds,

As, praiſes of his ſtate: then, there are found
Laſcivious metres; to whoſe venom ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud Italy;
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chooſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

GAUNT. Methinks, I am a prophet new inſpir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves:
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradiſe;
This fortreſs, built by nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry,)
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's ſon:
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf:
O, would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaſter?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I mean—my children's looks;

And, therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, ſayſt—thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dieſt, though I the ſicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than thy land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
O, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame;
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſs'd,
Which art poſſeſs'd now to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame, to let this land by leaſe:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;
And thou——
K. Rich. ——a lunatick lean-witted fool.
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right royal majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.
Gaunt. O, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling Edward's blood:
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have;
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!—
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*
K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.
York. 'Beſeech your majeſty, impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſs and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you ſay true: as Hereford's love, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your [majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſays he now?

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.——Now for our Iriſh wars:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloſter's death, nor Hereford's baniſhment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolinbroke
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me four my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſovereign's face.—
I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was firſt;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman;

His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I pleas'd.
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights;
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf, for how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I ſay true!)
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the Earl of Wiltſhire ſtraight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *Bushy*, *Aumerle*, *Green*, *and Bagot.*

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his ſon is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a liberal tongue,

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak, to the duke of Here-
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man; [ford?
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unleſs you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the king ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd duke.

North. His noble kinſman:—Moſt degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.

Ross. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wreck.

North. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,

I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Ross. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyſelf; and, ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
The ſon of Richard Earl of Arundel,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, ſir John Ramſton,
Sir John Norbery, ſir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,——
All theſe, well furniſh'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepter's gilt,
And make high majeſty look like itſelf,
Away, with me, in poſt to Ravenſpurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.
Ross. To horſe, to horſe! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majeſty is too much ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aſide life-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a cheerful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the king, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles: at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhow like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form: ſo your ſweet majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me, it is otherwiſe: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy ſad,

As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God ſave your majeſty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope, the king is not yet ſhipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope;
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land:
The baniſh'd Bolingbroke repeals himſelf,
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At Ravenſpurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worſe,—
The lord Northumberland, his young ſon Henry Percy,
The lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the reſt of the revolting faction
Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip,

And all the houſehold ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.

Bushy. Deſpair not, madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!——
Uncle,
For heaven's ſake, ſpeak comfortable words.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but croſſes, care, and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf:——
Now comes the ſick hour that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, ſo!—go all which way it will!——

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's ſide.——
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plaſhy, to my ſiſter Gloſter;
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordſhip:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is it, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the ducheſs died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there poſts deſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Serv.*
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus thruſt diſorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinſmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you:—Go, muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkley-caſtle.

I ſhould to Plaſhy too;——
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* QUEEN.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the king in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the king. [love

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their
Lies in their purſes; and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge ſtraight to Briſtol caſtle;
The earl of Wiltſhire is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majeſty.
Farewell: if heart's preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is—numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.

Buſhy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Wilds in Gloſterſhire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

BOLING. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

NORTH. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a ſtranger here in Gloſterſhire.
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe hath been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſwold, will be found
In Roſs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit which I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort; as mine hath done
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.

BOLING. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

NORTH. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter, whenceſoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

PERCY. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

NORTH. Why, is he not with the queen?

PERCY. No, my good lord; he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd

The houſehold of the king.

North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.

Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenſpurg,
To offer ſervice to the duke of Hereford;
And ſent me o'er by Berkley, to diſcover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenſpurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be ſure,
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompenſe:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what ſtir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here comes the lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, firy-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompenſe.

Ross. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is—to Lancaſter;
And I am come to ſeek that name in England:
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in perſon.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dár'd once to touch a duſt of England's ground?
But then more why;——Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe the anointed king is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf,
Reſcued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
O, then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, cháſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,—
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin king be king of England,
It muſt be granted, I am duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman;
Had you firſt died, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denied to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd, and ſold;
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free deſcent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It ſtands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my power is weak, and all ill left:

But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the king;
But, ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we muſt win your grace, to go with us
To Briſtol caſtle; which, they ſay, is held
By Buſhy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:——but yet I'll pauſe;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury, *and a* Captain.

Cap. My lord of Saliſbury, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welſhman;
The king repoſeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap,—

The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
Theſe ſigns forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament!
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers behind with Bushy and Green, priſoners.

Boling. Bring forth theſe men.—
Buſhy, and Green, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your death.
You have miſled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myſelf—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him miſinterpret me,——
Have ſtoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment:
Whilſt you have fed upon my ſignories,
Diſpark'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt woods;
From my own windows torn my houſehold coat,
Raz'd out my impreſs, leaving me no ſign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To ſhow the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,——that heaven will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, ſee them deſpatch'd.

[*Exeunt* Northumberland *and Others, with priſoners.*

Uncle, you ſay, the queen is at your houſe;
For heaven's ſake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have deſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Coaſt of Wales. *A Caſtle in view. Flouriſh: drums and trumpets. Enter King* RICHARD, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Aumerle, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly caſtle call you this at hand.

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After late toſſing on the breaking ſeas?

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy,
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So, weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders, that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms. [king,

Biſhop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you
Hath power to keep you king, in ſpite of all.
The means that heaven yields muſt be embrac'd,

And not neglected; elſe, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuſe;
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt Bolingbroke, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable couſin! know'ſt thou not,
That, when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terreſtrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne the eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough-rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſs'd,
To lift ſhrewd ſteel againſt our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall; for heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

SAL. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate;
For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſpers'd, and fled.

AUM. Comfort, my liege: Why looks your grace ſo pale?

K. RICH. But now, the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale and dead?
All ſouls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

AUM. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. RICH. I had forgot myſelf: Am I not king?
Awake, thou ſluggard majeſty! thou ſleep'ſt.
Is not the king's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to ſerve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

SCROOP. More health and happineſs betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worſt is worldly loſs, thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo:
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts harder than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy majeſty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and clap their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms againſt thy crown:
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew againſt thy ſtate;
Yea, diſtaff women manage ruſty bills
Againſt thy ſeat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?

If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three Judaſſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace! terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the foureſt and moſt deadly hate:—
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth,
Let's chooſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:—
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;

Some haunted by the ghoſts they have depos'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antick ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,—
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taſte grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you ſay to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well:—Proud Bolingbroke,
I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.——
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To Aumerle.*
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair!
What ſay you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint caſtle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, diſcharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Wales. *Before* Flint *Caſtle.*

Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Others.*

BOLING. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welſhmen are diſpers'd; and Saliſbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With ſome few private friends, upon this coaſt.

NORTH. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

YORK. It would beſeem the lord Northumberland,
To ſay—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred king ſhould hide his head!

NORTH. Your grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

YORK. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole head's length.

BOLING. Miſtake not, uncle, further than you ſhould.

YORK. Take not, good couſin, further than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſ-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

BOLING. I know it, uncle; and oppoſe not
Myſelf againſt their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this caſtle yield?

PERCY. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

BOLING. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?

PERCY. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone:

And with him are lord Aumerle, lord Saliſbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

NORTH. Belike, it is the biſhop of Carliſle.

BOLING. Noble lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle;
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees, doth kiſs king Richard's hand;
And ſends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe the advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhow.
Go, ſignify as much; while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain.—

[*NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the Caſtle, with a Trumpet.*
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from the caſtle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard, and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:

The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.
A parle ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Flouriſh. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the Biſhop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the track
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhow us the hand of God
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do profane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;——
Yet know,—my maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtures' graſs with faithful Engliſh blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! Thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon thy royal grandfire's b nes;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn or ſaid,—
His coming hither hath no further ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a prince, is juſt;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay,—thus the king returns;——
His noble couſin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debaſe ourſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To Aumerle.*
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, my good lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. OGod! o God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes hath ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What muſt the king do now? Muſt he ſubmit?
The king ſhall do it. Muſt he be depos'd?
The king ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking-ſtaff;

My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obſcure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where ſubjects' feet
May hourly trample on their ſovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilſt I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; My tender-hearted couſin!—
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Moſt mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What ſays king Bolingbroke? will his Majeſty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke ſays—ay.

North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you; may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like gliſtering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Boling.*

In the baſe court? Baſe court, where kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court? Come down? Down, court! down king!

For night-owls ſhriek, where mounting larks ſhould ſing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What ſays his majeſty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhow fair duty to his majeſty.——
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, [*Touching his own head.*] although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deſerve:—They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhow their love, but want their remedies.—
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Langley. *The Duke of* YORK's *Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* LADIES.

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainſt the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll ſing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe;
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.

1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the gardeners:
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.—

Enter a GARDENER, *and two* SERVANTS.

My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo
Againſt a change: Woe is forerun with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight;
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.——
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm eſtate?
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her faireſt flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath ſeiz'd the waſteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not ſo trimm'd and dreſs'd his land,

As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the ſkin of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over-proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf:
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte of idle hours hath quite thrown down

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king ſhall be de-

Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd, [pos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came laſt night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am preſs'd to death,
Through want of ſpeaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeneſs,
[*Coming from her concealment.*
Set to dreſs this garden, how dares
Thy harſh-rude tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I ſay, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

Beſides himſelf, are all the Engliſh peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knows it? O, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.—
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Weſtminſter *Hall.*

The Lords ſpiritual on the right ſide of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter Bolingbroke, *Aumerle,* Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, *another* Lord, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *and Attendants. Officers behind, with* Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:——
Now, Bagot, freely ſpeak thy mind;

What thou doſt know of noble Gloſter's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how bleſt this land would be,
In this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I ſay, thou lieſt,
And will maintain, what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:

By that fair ſun that ſhows me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Gloſter's death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee that day.

Fitz. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And, that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing; ſeize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forſworn Aumerle;
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From ſun to ſun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.

Surrey. As falſe, by heaven, as heaven itſelf is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou lieſt.

Surrey. Diſhonourable boy!
That lie ſhall lie ſo heavy on my ſword,

That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his land and ſignories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.—
Many a time hath baniſh'd Norfolk fought
For Jeſu Chriſt; in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the Chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,

Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, biſhop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As ſure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoul to the boſom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

Enter York attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his king?
And who ſits here, that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty,
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhow ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!

I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Diſorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's ſculls.
O, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth:
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt child, child's children, cry againſt you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, ſir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here:—
My lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial.—
May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may ſurrender; ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To Carlisle.*
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a king,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give ſorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the king!—Will no man ſay, amen?
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, amen.
God ſave the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what ſervice am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majeſty did make thee offer,——
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke. [crown;

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, couſin, ſeize the
Here, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I king of thoſe.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.

My care is—loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I reſign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myſelf:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy ſcepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all achiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in Richard's ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God ſave king Henry, unking'd Richard ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſunſhine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read [*Offering a paper.*
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the depoſing of a king,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,—
Though ſome of you, with Pilate, waſh your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my four croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, deſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory baſe; and ſovereignty, a ſlave;
Proud majeſty, a ſubject; ſtate, a peaſant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, inſulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis uſurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myſelf!
O, that I were a mockery king of ſnow,

Standing before the ſun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight;
That it may ſhow me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'ſt me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be ſatisfied.

K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book indeed
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's—myſelf.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his houſehold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? Was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that faced ſo many follies,
And was at laſt outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred ſhivers.—
Mark, ſilent king, the moral of this ſport,—

How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow? Ha! let's ſee:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of lament
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul;
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. Rich. And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Boling. Go ſome of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. Richard, ſome Lords, and a guard.*

Boling. On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.

[*Exeunt all but the* ABBOT, *biſhop of* Carliſle, *and* AUMERLE.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe:—
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to ſupper; I will lay
A plot, ſhall ſhow us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN, *and Ladies.*

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæſar's ill-erected tower,
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand;

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou moſt beauteous inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouſe gueſt?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiſs the rod;
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beaſts?

K. Rich. A king of beaſts, indeed; if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good ſometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, ſit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compaſſion, weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,—
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,

Where ſhivering cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the king with me.

North. That were ſome love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with ſighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace. Enter York, and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off

Of our two couſins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe,
While all tongues cried—God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once,—
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cried, God ſave him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,—
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd

The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events;
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is loſt, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you muſt call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my ſon: Who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpoſe ſo.

York. What ſeal is that, that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who ſees it:
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.

York. Which for ſome reaſons, ſir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear,——

Duch. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainſt the triumph day.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhow it.
York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon!—villain! traitor! ſlave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a Servant.*]
Saddle my horſe.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay; ſaddle my horſe:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Duch. Thy life anſwer!
Re-enter Servant, with boots.
York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—
Hence, villain; never more come in my ſight.—
[*To the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots, I ſay.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?

Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably ſet down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He ſhall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my ſon,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Duch. After Aumerle; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur, poſt; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Windſor. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King;* PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the taverns there,
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe companions;
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the prince;
And told him of theſe triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was,—he would unto the ſtews?
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſperate: yet, through both
I ſee ſome ſparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *haſtily.*

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our couſin, that he ſtares and looks ſo wildly?

Aum. God ſave your grace. I do beſeech your majeſty,
To have ſome conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*
What is the matter with our couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy deſire. [*Aumerle locks the door.*

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyſelf;
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou haſt no cauſe to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[*Bolingbroke opens the door.*

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did ſet it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, king;

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous ſon!
Thou ſheer, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himſelf!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſon.

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame,
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's ſake, let me in.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd,—from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*—
My dangerous couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins, for this forgiveneſs, proſper may.
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt reſts ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beſeech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and ſoul, and all beſide:
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Duch. Nay, do not ſay—ſtand up;
But, pardon, firſt; and afterwards, ſtand up.

An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech,
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths ſo meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; ſay, *pardonnez moy.*

Duch. Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſour huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Duch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God ſhall pardon me.

Duch. O happy 'vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear: ſpeak it again;
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law,—and the [abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,—
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where'er theſe traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and couſin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old ſon;—I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the king, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me;
As who ſhould ſay,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Caſtle.*
Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying how I may compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world:
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it;—Yet, I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul;
My ſoul, the father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts,
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better ſort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
Againſt the word:
As thus, *Come,—little ones;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,—
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt; like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame,—
That many have, and others muſt ſit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one perſon, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am: Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How ſour ſweet muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

So is it in the muſick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But, for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with ſighs, they jar
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, ſir, the ſound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs poſting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.
This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet, bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comeſt thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that ſad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave

To look upon my ſometimes maſter's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; ſir Pierce of Exton, who Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee! Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, *and Servants, armed.*

K. RICH. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another; then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

EXTON. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with Lords and Attendants.*

BOLING. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire:
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

NORTH. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear

At large diſcourſed in this paper here. [*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, ſhall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Biſhop of Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carliſle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:—
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room,
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee have I ſeen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried fear: herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon that do poiſon need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhow thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March ſadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

Perſons repreſented.

King Henry *the Fourth.*
Henry, *Prince of* Wales, } *ſons to the king.*
Prince John *of* Lancaſter, }
Earl of Weſtmorland, } *friends to the king.*
Sir Walter Blunt, }
Thomas Percy, *Earl of* Worceſter.
Henry Percy, *Earl of* Northumberland:
Henry Percy, *ſurnamed* Hotſpur, *his ſon.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Scroop, *Archbiſhop of* York.
Archibald, *Earl of* Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falſtaff.
Poins.
Gadshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to* Hotſpur, *and ſiſter to* Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to* Glendower, *and wife to* Mortimer.
Mrs. Quickly, *hoſteſs of a tavern in* Eaſtcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *Westmorland, Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty Erinnys of this ſoil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,——
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:

The edge of war, like an ill-ſheath'd knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chaſe theſe pagans, in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelve-month old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle couſin Weſtmorland,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

K. Hen. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did ſpend a ſad and bloody hour;
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter ſee
On Holmedon's plains: Of priſoners, Hotſpur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten Douglas; and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conqueſt for a prince to boaſt of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraighteſt plant;

Who is ſweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the priſoners,
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps; and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worceſter,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;
Which makes him prune himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And, for this cauſe, awhile we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Jeruſalem.
Couſin, on Wedneſday next our council we
Will hold at Windſor, ſo inform the lords:
But come yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *and* Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art ſo fat-witted, with drinking of old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches after noon, that thou haſt forgotten to de-

mand that truly which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed ſun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I ſee no reaſon, why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now Hal: for we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight ſo fair.* And, I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God ſave thy grace, (majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon: And let men ſay, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we—ſteal.

P. Hen. Thou ſay'ſt well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea; being govern'd as the ſea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing—lay by; and ſpent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad. And is no my hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the caſtle. And is not a buff jerkin a moſt ſweet robe o durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and, where it would not, I have uſed my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in England when thou art king? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgeſt falſe already; I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of ſuits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bag-pipe.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimiles; and art, indeed, the moſt comparative, raſcallieſt,—ſweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, ſir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wiſely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. Hen. Thou did'ſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's ſon in Chriſtendom.

P. Hen. Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purſe-taking.

Enter Poins, at a diſtance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no ſin for

a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now ſhall we know if Gadshill have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him! This is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal.—What ſays monſieur Remorſe? What ſays ſir John Sack-and-ſugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy ſoul, that that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John ſtands to his word, the devil ſhall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give his devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes: I have viſors for you all, you have horſes for yourſelves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rocheſter; I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſtcheap; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: If you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fel-

lowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the blood royal, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake,) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewell: You ſhall find me in Eaſtcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter ſpring! Farewell All-hallown ſummer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good ſweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

P. Hen. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves: which they ſhall have no ſooner achieved, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourſelves.

Poins. Tut! our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tie them in the wood; our viſors we will change, after we leave them; and, ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immaſk our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at ſupper: how thirty, at leaſt, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eaſtcheap, there I'll ſup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun;
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.

So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhow more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The ſame. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, *Hotspur, Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

WOR. Our houſe, my ſovereign liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame greatneſs too which our own hands
Have holp to make ſo portly.

NORTH. My lord,——

K. HEN. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I ſee danger
And diſobedience in thine eye: O, ſir,
Your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.—
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſs' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As is delivered to your majeſty:
Either envy, therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took't away again;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff:—and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the ſoldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me; among the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,

Out of my grief and my impatience,
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or he ſhould not;—for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was ſpermaceti, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
That villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And, I beſeech you, let not his report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach;
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners;
But with proviſo, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, ſhall ranſom ſtraight
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh Mortimer;
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd Glendower;

Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No, on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of ſwift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp head in the hollow bank
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou doſt belie him, Percy, thou doſt belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durſt as well have met the devil alone,

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not aſhamed? But, ſirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of Mortimer:
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licenſe your departure with your ſon:—
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them:—I will after ſtraight,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head. [awhile;

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop i'the duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To* WORCESTER.

Wor. Who ſtruck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners;
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon!) did ſet forth
Upon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, ſhortly, murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But, ſoft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin king,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you,—that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his ſake, wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation,—ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo;
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhow the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this ſubtle king.—
Shall it, for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And ſhall it, in more ſhame, be further ſpoken,

That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and diſdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who ſtudies, day and night,
To anſwer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I ſay,——

Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more:
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or ſink or ſwim:—
Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more ſtirs,
To rouſe a lion, than to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,

But not the form of what he ſhould attend.—
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots,
That are your priſoners,——
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes.—
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay,
I'll have a ſtarling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you,
Couſin; a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinſman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a waſp-ſtung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloceſterſhire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this king of ſmiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenſpurg.
North. At Berkley caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:——
Why, what a candy deal of courteſy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*—
And,—*gentle Harry Percy,*—and, *kind couſin,*—
O, the devil take ſuch cozeners!——God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if thou have not, to't again;
We'll ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſom ſtraight,
And make the Douglas' ſon your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reaſons,
Which I ſhall ſend you written,—be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.—You, my lord,—
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Your ſon in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbiſhop.
Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Briſtol, the lord Scroop.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's afoot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads by raiſing of a head:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe, (which will be ſuddenly,)
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will faſhion it,) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: We ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be ſhort,

Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rocheſter. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a CARRIER, *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not pack'd. What, oſtler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pry'thee, Tom, beat Cut's ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all ceſs.

Enter another CARRIER.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince Robin oſtler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the moſt villainous houſe in all London road for fleas: I am ſtung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the maſs, there is ne'er a king in Chriſtendom could be better bit than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breads fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, oſtler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charingcroſs.

1 *Car.* 'Odſbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite ſtarved.—What, oſtler!—A plague on thee! haſt thou

never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Haſt no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canſt tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* CARRIERS.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, maſter Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yeſternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They

are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with ſaint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worſhip'ſt ſaint Nicholas as truly as a man of falſehood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old ſir John hangs with me; and, thou know'ſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-ſtaff, ſixpenny ſtrikers; none of theſe mad, muſtachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomaſters, and great oneyers; ſuch as can hold in; ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner than drink, and drink ſooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their ſaint, the common-wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins; Bardolph and Peto, at ſome diſtance.

Poins. Come, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have remov'd Falſtaff's horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Hen. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal; What a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go ſeek him. [*Pretends to ſeek Poins.*

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath removed my horſe, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquire further afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll ſtarve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd with a

tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me; and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whiſtle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horſe, you rogues; give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horſe; good king's ſon.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go, hang thyſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon: When a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, againſt my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our ſetter: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, ſir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt find him. Farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by; ſtand cloſe.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorſon caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your ſtore were here! On,

bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men muſt live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, &c. *driving the* TRAVELLERS *out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. HEN. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Re-enter THIEVES.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. HEN. Your money. [*Ruſhing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINS *ſet upon them.* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, and the reſt, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. HEN. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſs'd with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falſtaff ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Warkworth. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*

——*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe.*—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In re-

ſpect of the love he bears our houſe:—he ſhows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous;*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itſelf unſorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.*—Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beſides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, ſome of them, ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcal is this? an infidel? Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will ſet forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A baniſh'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſit'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treaſures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin;
Of priſoners' ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtraight: O *eſperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horſe,
My love, my horſe.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weaſel hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen,
As you are toſs'd with. In faith,
I'll know your buſineſs, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir
About his title; and hath ſent for you,
To line his enterprize: But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion that I aſk.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them current too.—Gods me, my horſe!—
What ſay'ſt thou, Kate? what would'ſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?

And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I go, nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe,
Than Harry Percy's wife: conſtant you are;
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecy,
No lady cloſer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate?

Lady. How! ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It muſt, of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Eaſtcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. HEN. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. HEN. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or four ſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers; and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their ſalvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courteſy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falſtaff; but a Corinthian,

a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, ſo they call me; and when I am king of England, I ſhall command all the good lads in Eaſtcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying ſcarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, ſweet Ned,—to ſweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of ſugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-ſkinker; one that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than—*Eight ſhillings and ſixpence*, and —*You are welcome;* with this ſhrill addition,—*Anon, anon, ſir! Score a pint of baſtard in the Half-moon*, or ſo. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falſtaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou ſtand in ſome by-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aſide, and I'll ſhow thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long haſt thou to ſerve, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhow it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, ſir! I'll be ſworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me ſee,—About Michaelmas next I ſhall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, ſir.—Pray you, ſtay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the ſugar thou gaveſt me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, ſir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thurſday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, chryſtal-button, nott-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddis-garter, ſmooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, ſir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown baſtard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will ſully: in Barbary, ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, ſir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis! [call?

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Doſt thou not hear them

[*Here they both call him; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What! ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? look to the gueſts within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old ſir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit* VINTNER.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falſtaff and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have ſhow'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS *with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the ſon of a woman!—His induſtry is—up-ſtairs, and down-ſtairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of Scots at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſays to his wife,——*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet Harry*, ſays ſhe, *how many haſt thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench*, ſays he; and anſwers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falſtaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd

brawn ſhall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*, ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of ſack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſew nether-ſtocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of ſack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful hearted Titan, that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſon! if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it; a villainous coward.——Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I ſay! I would I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. Hen. How now, wool-ſack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thouſand pound, I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of ſack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wiped ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, ſtill ſay I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'ſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet; four, through the hoſe; my buckler cut through and through; my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!——Let them ſpeak: if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. Hen. Speak, ſirs; How was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew elſe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murder'd ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for: I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am ſure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou know'ſt my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou ſaid'ſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee, four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Hen. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

P. Hen. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them; groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreſon, obſcene, greaſy tallow-keech,——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendal green, when it was ſo dark thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come, tell us your reaſon; What ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? No; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin; this ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh;——

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou haſt tired thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth.——Mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down.—Then did we two ſet on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhow you it here in the houſe:—and, Falſtaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done; and then ſay, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what ſtarting-hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'ſt, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Inſtinct is a great matter; I was a coward on inſtinct. I ſhall think the better of myſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. ——Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold. All the

titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou loveſt me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hoſteſs? what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would ſpeak with you: he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? —Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, ſirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—ſo did you, Peto;—ſo did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earneſt, How came Falſtaff's ſword ſo hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed; and then to beſlubber our gar-

ments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeven year before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd extempore: Thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ran'ſt away; What inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt? How long is't ago, Jack, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waiſt; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of ſighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was ſir John Bracy from your father; you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true liegeman upon the croſs of a Welſh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?——

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame;—and his ſon-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that ſpright-

ly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horſe-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with his piſtol kills a ſparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. O'horſeback, ye cuckoo? but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thouſand blue-caps more: Worceſter is ſtolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that ſpirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comeſt to thy father: if thou love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. Hen. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of ſack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in king Cambyſes' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech:—Stand aſide, nobility.

Host. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful queen, For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows, yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. That thou art my ſon, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lies the point;—Why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a queſtion

not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of England prove a thief, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſk'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for, Harry, now I do not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majeſty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his name is Falſtaff: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I ſee virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that Falſtaff: him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. Hen. Doſt thou ſpeak like a king? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me? if thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand:—judge, my maſters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eaſtcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are falſe:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Sweareſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable miſleader of youth, Falſtaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm of him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witneſs it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence,) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardolph, baniſh Poins: but for ſweet Jack Falſtaff, kind Jack Falſtaff, true Jack Falſtaff, valiant Jack Falſtaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falſtaff, baniſh not him thy

Harry's company, baniſh not him thy Harry's company; baniſh plump Jack, and baniſh all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the ſheriff, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that Falſtaff.

Re-enter Hostess, haſtily.

Host. O Jeſu, my lord, my lord!——

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddleſtick: What's the matter?

Host. The ſheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major:* if you will deny the ſheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face, and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*

P. Hen. Call in the ſheriff.——

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, maſter ſheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men into this houſe.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do aſſure you, is not here; For I myſelf at this time have employ'd him. And, ſheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to anſwer thee, or any man, For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal: And ſo let me entreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men, He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sherriff and Carrier.*

P. Hen. This oily raſcal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falſtaff!——faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. Hen. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*Poins ſearches.*] What haſt thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monſtrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of ſack!—What there is elſe, keep cloſe; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-ſcore. The money ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's Houſe.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, *and* Glendower.

Mort. Theſe promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and couſin Glendower,—
Will you ſit down?——
And, uncle Worceſter:—A plague upon it?
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, couſin Percy; ſit, good couſin Hotſpur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaſter
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets; and, at my birth,

The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.
Hot. Why, ſo it would have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.
Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.
Hot. And I ſay, the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you it ſhook. [tremble.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moſs-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.
Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhow,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,——
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better Welſh:—
I will to dinner.
Mort. Peace, couſin Percy; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.
Hot. Why, ſo can I; or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, couſin, to command
The devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.—
If thou have power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I have power to ſhame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.
Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Againſt my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Severn, have I ſent him,
Bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name? [right,
Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, Wales beyond the Severn ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, couſin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewſbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:—
Within that ſpace, [*To* GLEND.] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLEND. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come:
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOT. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To robe me of ſo rich a bottom here.

GLEND. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

MORT. Yea,
But mark, how he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide;
Gelding the oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north ſide win this cape of land;
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in Welſh.

Glend. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of't with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you ſhall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?

Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haſte the writer, and, withal,

Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, couſin Percy! how you croſs my father!

Hot. I cannot chooſe: ſometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, but laſt night, at leaſt nine hours,
In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names, [to,—
That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,—go
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horſe, a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoky houſe:—I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummerhouſe in Chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof;
But do not uſe it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilfulblame;
And ſince your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience.
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though ſometimes it ſhow greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts; and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation. [ſpeed!

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd; Good manners be your
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the* Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ſpite that angers me,—
My wife can ſpeak no Engliſh, I no Welſh. [you,

Glend. My daughter weeps; ſhe will not part with
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars. [Percy,

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that ſhe, and my aunt
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

[*Glendower ſpeaks to his daughter in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She's deſperate here; a peeviſh ſelf-will'd har-
One no perſuaſion can do good upon. [lotry

[*Lady M. ſpeaks to Mortimer in* Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy looks: that pretty Welſh
Which thou poureſt down from theſe ſwelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parly would I anſwer thee. [*Lady M. ſpeaks.*
I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a ſummer's bower,
With raviſhing diviſion, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe run mad.
[*Lady M. ſpeaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itſelf in this.

Glend. She bids you
Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of ſleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glen. Do ſo;
And thoſe muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet ſtraight they ſhall be here: ſit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy gooſe.

Glendower ſpeaks ſome Welſh *words, and then the muſick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil underſtands Welſh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's ſo humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good muſician.

Lady P. Then ſhould you be nothing but muſical; for

you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in Welſh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Iriſh.

Lady P. Would'ſt thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welſh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! ſhe ſings.

A Welſh *Song ſung by Lady M.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! 'Heart, you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good ſooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God ſhall mend me; and, As ſure as day:

And giv'ſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dſt further than Finſbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and ſunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady P. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours; and ſo come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as ſlow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book 's drawn; we'll but ſeal, and then
To horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *Prince of* WALES, *and* Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,
Muſt have ſome conference: But be near at hand,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt, in thy paſſages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To puniſh my miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate, and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So pleaſe your majeſty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,—
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe newſmongers,
I may, for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,

Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupplied;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would ſay,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,
And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perſon freſh, and new;
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at: and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhowed like a feaſt;
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down

With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burn'd: carded his ſtate;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries;
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. HEN. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm;
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned Douglas; whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt?
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Diſcomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbiſhop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell theſe news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,——

To fight againſt me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'ſy at his frowns,
To ſhow how much degenerate thou art.
P. Hen. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And God forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all-praiſed knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promiſe here:
The which if he be pleas'd I ſhall perform,
I do beſeech your majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,

Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this:—
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſovereign truſt, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word,—
That Douglas, and the Engliſh rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewſbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promiſes be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a ſtate.

K. Hen. The earl of Weſtmoreland ſet forth to-day;
With him my ſon, lord John of Lancaſter;
For this advertiſement is five days old:—
On Wedneſday next, Harry, you ſhall ſet
Forward; on Thurſday, we ourſelves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Gloſterſhire; by which account,
Our buſineſs valued, ſome twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Eaſtcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking; I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to re-

pent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe: the inſide of a church: Company, villainous company, hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, ſing me a bawdy ſong; make me merry. I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: ſwore little; diced, not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; lived well, and in good compaſs: and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir John, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs; out of all reaſonable compaſs, ſir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou beareſt the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, ſir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou ran'ſt up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſt-

ing bonfire-light! Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that ſalamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, ſir John! what do you think, ſir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have inquired, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tithe of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. You lie, hoſteſs; Bardolph was ſhaved, and loſt many a hair: and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, ſir John; you do not know me, ſir John: I know you, ſir John: you owe me money, ſir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight ſhillings an ell. You owe money here beſides, ſir John,

for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his noſe, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jeſu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a ſneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins, marching. Falstaff meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-faſhion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou, miſtreſs Quickly? How does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didſt thou loſe, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: And, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it; I am an honeſt man's wife: and, ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Host. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, ſir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh, nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs; and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and ſaid this other day, you ought him a thouſand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou oweſt me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, ſir John, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea; if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I ſay, 'tis copper: Dareſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'ſt, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himſelf is to be fear'd as the lion: Doſt thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, ſirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreſon, impudent, emboſs'd raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houſes, and one poor pennyworth of ſugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villain. And yet you will ſtand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? thou know'ſt, in the ſtate of innocency, Adam fell; and what ſhould poor Jack Falſtaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man; and therefore more frailty.——You confeſs then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: Go, make ready break-

faſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit* HOSTESS.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that anſwer'd?

P. HEN. O, my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. HEN. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

BARD. Do, my lord.

P. HEN. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would, it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. HEN. Bardolph,——

BARD. My lord.

P. HEN. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaſter,
My brother John; this to my lord of Weſtmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horſe, to horſe; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.——
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall
At two o'clock i'the afternoon:
There ſhalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy ſtands on high;

And either they, or we, muſt lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, POINS, *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Rare words! brave world!——Hoſteſs, my break-faſt; come:—

O, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Rebel Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

HOT. Well ſaid, my noble Scot: If ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of ſoothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourſelf:
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, lord.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

HOT. Do ſo, and 'tis well:—

Enter a MESSENGER, *with Letters.*

What letters haſt thou there?—I can but thank you.

MESS. Theſe letters come from your father.—

HOT. Letters from him! why comes he not himſelf?

MESS. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous ſick.

HOT. 'Zounds! how has he the leiſure to be ſick,
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?

MESS. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

WOR. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.
Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.——
He writes me here,—that inward ſickneſs—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So ſoon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,—
That with our ſmall conjunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Becauſe the king is certainly poſſeſs'd
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it:—Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion:

We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence;
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offering ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father's draws a curtain,
That ſhows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I, rather, of his abſence make this uſe;—
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My couſin Vernon! welcome, by my ſoul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Weſtmorland, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himſelf in perſon is ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He ſhall be welcome too. Where is his ſon,
That nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aſide,
And bid it paſs?

Ver. All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges, that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſun at midſummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Riſe from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues. Let them come;
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:

The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry ſhall, hot horſe to horſe,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corſe.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by faith, that bears a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Doomſday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A publick Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An' if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſhamed of my ſoldiers, I am a ſouced gurnet. I have miſuſed the king's preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſeholders, yeomen's ſons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the bans; ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a caliver, worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I preſs'd me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices; and now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as, indeed, were never ſoldiers; but diſcarded unjuſt ſerving-men, younger ſons to younger brothers, revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more diſhonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and ſuch have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſs'd the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, in-

deed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company: and the half-ſhirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolen from my hoſt at ſaint Alban's, or the red-noſe inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. HEN. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a devil doſt thou in Warwickſhire?——My good lord of Weſtmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewſbury.

West. 'Faith, ſir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to ſteal cream.

P. HEN. I think, to ſteal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. HEN. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toſs; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, ſir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareneſs,—I am ſure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, ſir John; I fear, we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Rebel Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd; ſtir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horſe
Of my couſin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worceſter's horſe came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half the half himſelf.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.

[*The trumpets ſound a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name;
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed majeſty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,—
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,—

He bids you name your griefs; and, with all ſpeed,
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt;
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw ſneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And,—when he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his livery, and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and leſs came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently,—as greatneſs knows itſelf,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at Ravenſpurg;
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:

Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the Iriſh war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.——
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, taſk'd the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the king?

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again,
And in the morning early ſhall mine uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. York. *A Room in the Archbiſhop's Houſe.*
Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and a* Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good ſir Michael; bear this ſealed brief,
With winged haſte, to the lord mareſhal;
This to my couſin Scroop; and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Gent. My good lord,
I gueſs their tenor.
Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good ſir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt 'bide the touch: For, ſir, at Shrewſhury,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, ſir Michael,—
What with the ſickneſs of Northumberland,
(Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's abſence thence,
(Who with them was a rated ſinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an inſtant trial with the king.
Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas,
And Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.
Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worceſter; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And ſo there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no leſs, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worſt, ſir Michael, ſpeed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,——
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him;
Therefore, make haſte: I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewell, ſir Michael.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The King's Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John of Lancaſter, *Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. Hen. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes;
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempeſt, and a bluſtering day.

K. Hen. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize;
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.—

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worceſter? 'tis not well,

That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our truſt;
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. Hen. You have not ſought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myſelf, and all our houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends.
For you, my ſtaff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You ſwore to us,—
And you did ſwear that oath at Doncaſter,——

That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaſter:
To this we ſwore our aid. But, in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd down fortune ſhowering on your head;
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the abſent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this ſwarm of fair advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general ſway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaſter;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us ſo
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Uſeth the ſparrow: did oppreſs our neſt;
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That even our love durſt not come near your ſight,
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for ſafety ſake, to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf;
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-croſſes, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye

Of fickle changelings, and poor diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pellmell havock and confuſion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praiſe of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majeſty,——
I am content, that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation;
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it:—No, good Worceſter, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſled upon your couſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:

So tell your couſin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their anſwer, we will ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle, and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. Hen. Nothing but a coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou oweſt God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it:—

therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere ſcutcheon; and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The king ſhould keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion ſhall be all ſtuck full of eyes:
For treaſon is but truſted like the fox;
Who, ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; *and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Weſtmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle preſently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Weſtmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him ſo.

Doug. Marry, and ſhall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn:
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Weſtmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales ſtepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads:
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How ſhow'd his taſking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue;

Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf;
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe: But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.——
Arm, arm, with ſpeed:—And, fellows, ſoldiers, friends
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conſcience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is juſt.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his beſt: and here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now—Eſperance!—Percy!—and ſet on.—
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that muſick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.

[*The trumpets ſound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. Plain near Shrewſbury.

Excurſions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou croſſeſt me? what honour doſt thou ſeek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for, inſtead of thee, king Harry,
This ſword hath ended him: ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou ſhalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is ſlain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmdon thus,
I never had triúmph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathleſs lies the [king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furniſh'd like the king himſelf.

Doug. A fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot here; here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy [ſword:
Many a nobleman lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a

while.—Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him ſure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword; but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will ſack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of ſack.*

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jeſt and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the King, Prince Henry, Prince John, and Westmoreland.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyſelf; thou bleed'ſt too much:—
Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beſeech your majeſty, make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do ſo:—
My lord of Weſtmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive

The prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this;
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triúmph in maſſacres! [moreland,
P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, couſin Weſt-
Our duty this way lies; for God's ſake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*
P. Hen. By heaven, thou haſt deceiv'd me, Lancaſter,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.
K. Hen. I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.
P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*
Alarums. Enter Douglas.
Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a king? [heart,
K. Hen. The king himſelf; who, Douglas, grieves at
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyſelf, about the field:
But, ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee; ſo defend thyſelf.
Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a king:
But mine, I am ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight; the* King *being in danger, enter Prince Henry.*
P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the ſpirits

Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiſeth, but he means to pay.—
[*They fight; Douglas flies.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton ſtraight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion;
And ſhow'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treacherous labour of your ſon.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to ſir Nicholas Gawſey.
[*Exit King Henry.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me; [fleſh:—
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could prophecy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art duſt,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound;
But now, two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo dear a ſhow of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf

For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He ſees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I ſee thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

FAL. [*Riſing ſlowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him ſure: yea, and I'll ſwear I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou flesh'd
Thy maiden ſword.

P. John. But, ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I ſaw him dead, breathleſs and bleeding
Upon the ground.——
Art thou alive? or is it fantaſy
That plays upon our eyeſight? I pr'ythee, ſpeak;
We will not truſt our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falſtaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelf. I look to be either earl or duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and ſo was he: but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock. If I may be believ'd, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

P. John. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

FAL. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets ſound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and Others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *priſoners.*

K. HEN. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter! did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a chriſtian, thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. HEN. Bear Worceſter to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.—

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*

How goes the field?

P. HEN. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy ſlain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaſter, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs, and free:
His valour, ſhown upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our adverſaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, ſon John, and my couſin Weſtmoreland,
Towards York ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms:
Myſelf,—and you, ſon Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſs ſo fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

Perſons repreſented.

King Henry *the Fourth.*
Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* King Henry V.
Thomas, *Duke of* Clarence.
Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke of* Bedford.
Prince Humphrey *of Gloceſter, afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke of* Gloceſter.
} *his ſons.*

Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Weſtmoreland.
Gower. Harcourt.
} *of the king's party.*

Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Juſtice.

Earl of Northumberland;
Scroop, *Archbiſhop of* York;
Lord Mowbray; Lord Haſtings;
Lord Bardolph; Sir John Colvile;
} *enemies to the king.*

Travers *and* Morton; *domeſticks of* Northumberland.
Falſtaff, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and* Page.
Poins *and* Peto; *attendants on Prince* Henry.
Shallow *and* Silence; *country Juſtices.*
Davy, *ſervant to* Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bullcalf; *recruits.*
Fang *and* Snare; *ſheriff's officers.*
Rumour. A Porter.
A dancer; ſpeaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly. Doll Tear-ſheet.

Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Meſſenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of tongues.*

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour ſpeaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſthorſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilſt the big year, ſwol'n with ſome other grief,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And ſo ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,

That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſehold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewſbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotſpur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? My office is
To noiſe abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotſpur's ſword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewſbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone,
Where Hotſpur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-ſick: the poſts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. The ſame.

The PORTER *before the gate; Enter Lord* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho? Where is the [earl?
Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:—
The king is almoſt wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince Harry ſlain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Weſtmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk ſir John,
Is priſoner to your ſon: O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæſar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewſbury?

Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.

North. Here comes my ſervant Travers, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt to liſten after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;

And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, ſir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt forſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his armed heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha!——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Of Hotſpur, coldſpur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who, he?
He was ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.——
Say, Morton, did'ſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewſbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his uglieſt maſk,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my ſon, and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay,—Your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; ſo fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with—brother, ſon, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your ſon,——

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet ſpeak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;

And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.
Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not ſeen:
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more ſprung up.
In few, his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotſpur's loſs,

Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worceſter
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaſter,
And Weſtmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick; and theſe news,
Having been well, that would have made me ſick,
Being ſick, have in ſome meaſure made me well:
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove this hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
The ragged'ſt hour that time and ſpite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!

And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt the event of war, my noble lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,—
Let us make head. It was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds, and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you ſay,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And, ſince we are o'erſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my moſt noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth,——
The gentle archbiſhop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord your ſon had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhows of men, to fight:
For that ſame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide, but, for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond: But now the biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion:
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair king Richard, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land,
Gaſping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his* PAGE *bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, ſir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this fooliſh-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your maſter, whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd. I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal: God may finiſh it when he will, it is not a hair amiſs yet: he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him.——What ſaid maſter Dumbleton about the ſattin for my ſhort cloak, and ſlops?

Page. He ſaid, ſir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreſon Achitophel! a raſcally yea-forſooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and

then ſtand upon ſecurity!—The whoreſon ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon—ſecurity. I had as lief they would put ratſbane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I look'd he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſattin, as I am a true knight, and he ſends me ſecurity. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it: and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lantern to light him.—— Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horſe in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were mann'd, horſed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for ſtriking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Just. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewſbury; and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord John of Lancaſter.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falſtaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I muſt ſpeak with him.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You miſtake me, ſir.

Fal. Why, ſir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knighthood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat if I had ſaid ſo.

Atten. I pray you, ſir, then ſet your knighthood and your ſoldierſhip aſide; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo! I lay aſide that which grows to me! If thou get'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou takeſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick: I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you, ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury.

Fal. An't pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majeſty:—You would not come when I ſent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highneſs is fallen into this ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip; a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy, and perturbration of the brain: I have read the cauſe of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the diſeaſe; for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Just. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſed by my learned counſel in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, ſir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Just. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe; I would my means were greater, and my waiſt ſlenderer.

Ch. Just. You have miſled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath miſled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at Shrewſbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſeberry. You, that are old, conſider not

the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our livers with the bitterneſs of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? Fie, fie, fie, ſir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice,—I have loſt it with hollaing, and ſinging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and underſtanding; and he that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you, —he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in aſhes, and ſackcloth; but in new ſilk, and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven ſend the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven ſend the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the king hath ſever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaſter, againſt the archbiſhop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it. But

look you pray, all you that kiſs my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandiſh any thing but my bottle, I would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it: Well, I cannot laſt ever: But it was always yet the trick of our Engliſh nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me reſt. I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt; And God bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well: Commend me to my couſin Weſtmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Juſtice and* Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes.—Boy!——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my

lord of Lancaſter; this to the prince; this to the earl of Weſtmoreland; and this to old miſtreſs Urſula, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* PAGE.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: A good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. York. *A Room in the Archbiſhop's Palace.*
Enter the ARCHBISHOP *of* York, *the Lords* HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* BARDOLPH.

ARCH. Thus have you heard our cauſe, and known our means;
And, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And firſt, lord marſhal, what ſay you to it?

MOWB. I well allow the occaſion of our arms;
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How, in our means, we ſhould advance ourſelves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puiſſance of the king.

HAST. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice;
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

BARD. The queſtion then, lord Haſtings, ſtandeth thus;—
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand:
For, in a theme ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotſpur's caſe at Shrewſbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air on promiſe of ſupply,
Flattering himſelf with project of a power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts:
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this preſent quality of war;—
Indeed the inſtant action, (a cauſe on foot,)
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almoſt, to pluck a kingdom down,

And ſet another up,) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation;
Queſtion ſurveyors; know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite; or elſe,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)
Should be ſtillborn, and that we now poſſeſs'd
The utmoſt man of expectation;
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thouſand? [dolph.

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord Bar-
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power againſt the French,
And one againſt Glendower; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

Arch. That he ſhould draw his ſeveral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welſh

Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?

Haſt. The duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmoreland:
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited:—
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came ſighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'ſt now, *O earth, give us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

Enter HOSTESS; FANG, *and his boy, with her; and* SNARE *following.*

Host. Maſter Fang, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a luſty yeoman? will a' ſtand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay; good maſter Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we muſt arreſt ſir John Falſtaff.

Host. Yea, good maſter Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives, for he will ſtab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he ſtabb'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: in good faith, a' cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither woman, man, nor child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fiſt him once; an a' come but within my vice;——

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my ſcore:—Good maſter Fang, hold him ſure;—good maſter Snare, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (ſaving your manhoods,) to buy a ſaddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-ſtreet, to maſter Smooth's

the ſilkman: I pray ye, ſince my exion is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing; unleſs a woman ſhould be made an aſs, and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.——

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, maſter Fang, and maſter Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arreſt you at the ſuit of miſtreſs Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honeyſuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue! thou art a honey-ſeed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A reſcue! a reſcue!

Host. Good people, bring a reſcue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion! you rampallian! you fuſtilarian! I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beſeech you, ſtand to me! [ling here?

Ch. Just. How now, ſir John? what, are you braw-

Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Host. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your grace, I am a poor widow of Eaſtcheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Just. For what ſum?

Host. It is more than for ſome, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, ſir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſhamed, to enforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, upon Wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a ſinging-man of Windſor; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did

not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me goſſip Quickly? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people; ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me madam? And didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays, up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you: ſhe hath been in good caſe, and, the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her. But for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, ſir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſaucineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration; you have, as it appears to me, practiſed upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs, impudent ſaucineſs: if a man will make court'ſy, and ſay nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor; I ſay to you, I do deſire deli-

verance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect of your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Taking her aſide.*

Enter Gower.

Ch. Juſt. Now, maſter Gower; What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;——Come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings, and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; doſt not know me? Come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pray thee, ſir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other ſhift: you'll be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown.

I hope, you'll come to ſupper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To Bardolph.*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-ſheet meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hoſteſs, *Bardolph*, *Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king laſt night?

Gow. At Baſinſtoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You ſhall have letters of me preſently: Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter Gower, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I muſt wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good ſir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter Gower?

Ch. Just. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, ſir John?

Fal. Maſter Gower, if they become me not, he was a

fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhow vilely in me, to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt; *viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts; as, one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low-countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether thoſe that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, ſhall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do ſo, their fathers being ſo ſick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad, now my father is ſick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is ſo ſick: and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. Hen. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a bleſſed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought, to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. By the maſs, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falſtaff: he had him from me chriſtian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous aſs, [*To the Page.*] you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead.

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt, I ſpied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreſon upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Inſtruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O, that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is ſixpence to preſerve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows ſhall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy maſter, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Hen. Deliver'd with good reſpect.—And how doth the martlemas, your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, ſir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician: but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falſtaff, *knight*,——Every man muſt know that, as oft as he has occaſion to name himſelf. Even like thoſe that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they ſay, *There is ſome of the king's blood ſpilt: How comes that?* ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor couſin, ſir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the king, neareſt his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—he ſure means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins; *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his ſiſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (*which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him,*) Jack Falſtaff, *with my*

familiars; John, *with my brothers and ſiſters; and ſir* John, *with all Europe.*

My lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, Ned? muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! but I never ſaid ſo.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds, and mock us. —Is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eaſtcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Epheſians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old miſtreſs Quickly, and miſtreſs Doll Tear-ſheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. Hen. Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town-bull.—Shall we ſteal upon them, Ned, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your maſter, that I am yet come to town: There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine, ſir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] —This Doll Tear-ſheet ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between ſaint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we ſee Falſtaff beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy deſcenſion! it was Jove's caſe. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that ſhall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Warkworth. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troubleſome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will; your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's ſake, go not to theſe wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt; yours, and your ſon's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it ſtuck upon him, as the ſun

In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glaſs
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him: So that, in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unſeconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of Hotſpur's name
Did ſeem defenſible:—ſo you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The Marſhal, and the archbiſhop, are ſtrong:
Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotſpur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient overſights.
But I muſt go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.
Lady P. If they get ground and 'vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger; but, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves: So did your ſon;
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble huſband. [mind,
North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto its height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:——
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern, in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'ſt, ſir John cannot endure an apple-John?

2 *Draw.* Maſs, thou ſay'ſt true: The prince once ſet a diſh of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more ſir Johns: and, putting off his hat, ſaid, *I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down: And

ſee if thou canſt find out Sneak's noiſe; miſtreſs Tear-ſheet would fain hear ſome muſick. Deſpatch:—The room where they ſupp'd, is too hot; they'll come in ſtraight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and Mr. Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and ſir John muſt not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the maſs, here will be old utis: It will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess *and* Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous ſearching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can ſay,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well ſaid; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes ſir John.

Enter Falstaff, *ſinging.*

Fal. *When Arthur firſt in court*—Empty the jordan.—*And was a worthy king:* [*Exit* Drawer.] How now, miſtreſs Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect; an they be once in a calm, they are ſick. [give me?

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you

Fal. You make fat raſcals, miſtreſs Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and ouches;*—for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely:——

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Host. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toaſts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: [*To Doll.*] you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Piſtol's below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in England.

Host. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I muſt live amongſt my neighbours; I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt:—Shut the door;—there comes no ſwaggerers

here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have ſwaggering now:—ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, ſir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, ſir John, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter Tiſick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he ſaid to me,—it was no longer ago than Wedneſday laſt,—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter Dumb, our miniſter, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he, *receive thoſe that are civil; for*, ſaith he, *you are in an ill name;*—now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; *for*, ſays he, *you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what gueſts you receive: Receive*, ſays he, *no ſwaggering companions.*——There comes none here;—you would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid:—no, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater, he; you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhow of reſiſtance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater: But I do not love ſwaggering; by my troth, I am the worſe, when one ſays—ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

Pist. 'Save you, ſir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Piſtol. Here, Piſtol, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Pist. I will diſcharge upon her, ſir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, ſir; you ſhall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Pist. Then to you, miſtreſs Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion. What! you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your maſter.

Pist. I know you, miſtreſs Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the ſaucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal! you baſket-hilt ſtale juggler, you! —Since when, I pray you, ſir?—What, with two points on your ſhoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Piſtol; I would not have you go off here: diſcharge yourſelf of our company, Piſtol.

Host. No, good captain Piſtol; not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor

whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peeſel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beſeek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. Theſe be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorſes,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Aſia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæſars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's ſake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:
Come, give's ſome ſack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contenta.—

Fear we broadſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack;—and, ſweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his ſword.*

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs; I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Pist. Thruſt him down ſtairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Pist. What! ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his ſword.*

Then death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds
Untwine the ſiſters three! Come, Atropos, I ſay!

Host. Here's goodly ſtuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Pistol *out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forſwear keeping houſe, afore I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.——Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* Pistol *and* Bardolph.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the raſcal is gone. Ah, you whorſon little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, ſir. The raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, ſir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreſon chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dareſt for thy heart: if thou doſt, I'll canvas thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, ſir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, ſirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A raſcal bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quickſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dſt him like a church. Thou whoreſon little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *diſguiſed like drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not ſpeak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince or?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkſbury muſtard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-ſtools; and ſwears with a good grace; and wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories: and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhow a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another; the weight of a hair will turn the ſcales between their averdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not liſping to his maſter's old tables; his note-book, his counſel-keeper.

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt ſet me a weeping, an thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſs myſelf handſome till thy return.——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, ſir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, ſir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. O, the Lord preſerve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bleſs that ſweet face of thine! O Jeſu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreſon mad compound of majeſty,—by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreſon candle-mine, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman? [troth.

Hoſt. Bleſſing o' your good heart! and ſo ſhe is, by my

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. Hen. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, Hal, on mine honour; no abuſe.

P. Hen. Not! to diſpraiſe me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, Hal.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, Ned, in the world; honeſt Ned, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? Is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honeſt Bardolph, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,——

Fal. For one of them,—ſhe is in hell already, and

burns, poor ſoul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do ſo: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What ſays your grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Host. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Weſtminſter;
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for ſir John Falſtaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the ſouth
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak:—Falſtaff, good night.

[*Exeunt P. Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bard.*

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, ſir, preſently; a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah. [*To the* Page.]—Farewell, hoſteſs;——farewell, Doll.——You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches:—If I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak;—If my heart be not ready to burſt:—Well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty-nine years, come peaſcod-time; but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet,——

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid miſtreſs Tear-ſheet come to my maſter.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry *in his nightgown, with a* Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: Make good ſpeed.——

Exit Page.

How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep!—Sleep, gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,

And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, lieſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why lieſt thou with the vile,
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt
Seal up the ſhipboy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Can'ſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſeaboy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and moſt ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majeſty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords. Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet, diſtemper'd;
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:——
My lord Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs,) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth,—viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,—
Would ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, couſin Nevil, as I may remember,) [*To Warwick.*
When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My couſin Bolingbroke aſcends my throne;—
Though then, heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent;

But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:——
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their ſeeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the neceſſary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
That great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
Would, of that ſeed, grow to a greater falſeneſs;
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. Hen. Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities:—
And that ſame word even now cries out on us;
They ſay, the biſhop and Northumberland
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Pleaſe it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance, that Glendower is dead.

Your majeſty hath been this fortnight ill;
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours, perforce, muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. Hen. I will take your counſel:
And, were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Court before Juſtice SHALLOW's *Houſe in* Gloceſterſhire.

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, ſir, give me your hand, ſir: an early ſtirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good couſin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bedfellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, ſir, I dare ſay, my couſin William is become a good ſcholar: He is at Oxford, ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, ſir; to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly: I was once of Clement's inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—luſty Shallow, then, couſin.

Shal. By the maſs, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotſwold man,—you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may ſay to you,

we knew where the bonarobas were; and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falſtaff, now ſir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This ſir John, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

Shal. The ſame ſir John, the very ſame. I ſaw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very ſure, very ſure: death, as the Pſalmiſt ſaith, is certain to all; all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, ſir,

Shal. Dead!—See, ſee!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he ſhot a fine ſhoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i'the clout at twelve ſcore; and carry'd you a forehand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee. ——How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter Bardolph, *and one with him.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falſtaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen: I beſeech you, which is juſtice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, ſir; a poor eſquire of this county, and one of the king's juſtices of the peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, ſir, commends him to you; my captain, ſir John Falſtaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, ſir; I knew him a good backſword man: How doth the good knight? may I aſk, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a ſoldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, in faith, ſir; and it is well ſaid indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, ſir; I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very juſt!——Look, here comes good ſir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good ſir John.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter Robert Shallow:—Maſter Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, ſir John; it is my couſin Silence, in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, ſir. Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me ſee, let me ſee. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: Yea, marry, ſir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do ſo, let them do ſo.——Let me ſee; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, ſir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert uſed.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! moſt excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: Very ſingular good!—In faith, well ſaid, ſir John; very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him. [*To Shallow.*

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide; Know you

where you are?—For the other, ſir John:—let me ſee;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, ſir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: It is often ſo, indeed; but not much of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir John?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer,—prick him;—for we have a number of Shadows to fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, ſir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, ſir John?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, ſir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, ſir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, ſir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, ſir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he

would have prick'd you.——Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, ſir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor! well ſaid, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe.—Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter Shallow; deep, maſter Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, ſir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands: Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible Feeble.

Fee. It ſhall ſuffice, ſir,

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, ſir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, ſir! I am a diſeas'd man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bull. A whoreſon cold, ſir; a cough, ſir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number;

you muſt have but four here, ſir;—and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter Shallow.

Shal. O, ſir John, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the windmill in ſaint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old; ſhe cannot chooſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin Silence, that thou hadſt ſeen that that this knight and I have ſeen!—Ha, ſir John, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, maſter Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, ſir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* —Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have ſeen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff, Shallow, *and* Silence.

Bull. Good maſter corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend;

and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hang'd, ſir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, ſir, I do not care; but, rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine own part, ſo much,

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhe has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and ſhe is old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, ſir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a baſe mind:—an't be my deſtiny, ſo; an't be not, ſo: No man's too good to ſerve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no baſe mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Fal. Come, ſir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, ſir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chooſe for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home ſtill; you are paſt ſervice:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, ſir John, do not yourſelf wrong; they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter Shallow, how to chooſe a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk, and big aſſemblance of a man! Give me the ſpirit, maſter Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how ſwiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald-ſhot.—Well ſaid, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rab*, *tab*, *tab*, would 'a ſay; *bounce*, would 'a ſay; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well, maſter Shallow.—God keep you, maſter Silence; I will not uſe many words with

you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I muſt a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace! As you return, viſit my houſe; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have ſpoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off theſe juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of juſtice Shallow. Lord, lord, how ſubject we old men are to this vice of lying! This ſame ſtarv'd juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-ſtreet; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife: he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were inviſible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-ſcutch'd huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a ſquire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burſt his

head, for crowding among the marſhall's men. I ſaw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truſs'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-ſkin; the caſe of a treble hautboy was a manſion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it ſhall go hard, but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the law of nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Foreſt in Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and Others.*

Arch. What is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree foreſt, an't ſhall pleaſe your grace.

Arch. Here ſtand, my lords; and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance, thus:—
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
And daſh themſelves to pieces. [ground,

Enter a Messenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?

Meſs. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Weſtmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaſter.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Weſtmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd commotion ſo appear'd,
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here, to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbiſhop,—
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,

The dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly to this end:—We are all diſeas'd;
And, with our ſurfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my moſt noble lord of Weſtmoreland,
I take not on me here as a phyſician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, ſhow a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge the obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere
By the rough torrent of occaſion:
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhow in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied acceſs unto his perſon.

Even by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance, (preſent now,)
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to eſtabliſh here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you?
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a ſeal divine,
And conſecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not reſtor'd

To all the duke of Norfolk's ſignories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both rouſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw:
Then threw he down himſelf; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under Bolingbroke. [what:

West. You ſpeak, lord Mowbray, now you know not
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were ſet on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein

It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it ſo;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the prince John a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.
Arch. Then take, my lord of Weſtmoreland, this ſchedule:
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd;
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form;
And preſent execution of our wills
To us, and to our purpoſes, conſign'd;

Wec omewithin our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I ſhow the general. Pleaſe you, lords,
In ſight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven ſo frame!
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords
Which muſt decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit West.*
Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms, and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall conſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That every ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall, to the king, taſte of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That even our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no telltale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,

That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes;
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Beſides, the king hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his power, like to a fangleſs lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of Weſtmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaſeth your lordſhip,
To meet his grace juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then ſet-forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter, from one ſide, MOWBRAY, *the* ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, *and Others: from the other ſide, Prince* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my couſ
Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbiſhop;—
And ſo to you, lord Haſtings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better ſhow'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man, that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſunſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the king,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs! With you, lord biſhop,
It is even ſo:—Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who ſhall believe,
But you miſuſe the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a falſe favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds diſhonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And, both againſt the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:

But, as I told my lord of Weſtmoreland,
The time miſorder'd doth, in common ſenſe,
Crowd us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra ſon of war is born:
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep,
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſires;
And true obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt;
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them:
And ſo, ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born;
And heir from heir ſhall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England ſhall have generation.

P. John. You are too ſhallow, Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaſeth your grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And ſome about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſs'd;
Upon my ſoul, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,

Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an Officer.*] and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;

For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party loſer.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too.—

[*Exit Westmoreland.*

And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Haſtings,
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*

P. John. I truſt, lords, we ſhall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful ſteers unyok'd, they take their courſes
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; or, like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and ſporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Haſtings; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:—
And you, lord archbiſhop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?

West. Is your aſſembly ſo?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.

But for your rebels,—look to take the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the Forest.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Eu-

rope: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—
Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

P. JOHN. The heat is paſt, follow no further now;—
Call in the powers, good couſin Weſtmoreland.—

[*Exit* WEST.

Now, Falſtaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:—
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallows' back.

FAL. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility; I have founder'd nine-ſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken ſir John Colevile of the dale, a moſt furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he ſaw me, and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-noſed fellow of Rome,

——I came, ſaw, and overcame.

P. JOHN. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

FAL. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beſeech your grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot: To the which courſe if I be enforced, if you do not all ſhow like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,

which ſhow like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name, Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile?

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gaveſt thyſelf away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

P. John. Now, have you left purſuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to preſent execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.

[*Exeunt ſome with Colevile.*

And now deſpatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his majeſty,—
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through Gloſterſhire: and, when you come to court, ſtand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falſtaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good ſherris-ſack hath a twofold operation in it. It aſcends me into the brain; dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice: but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of ſherris: So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing, without ſack; for that ſets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did

naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſterile, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile ſherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be,—to forſwear thin potations, and addict themſelves to ſack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloſterſhire; and there will I viſit Mr. Robert Shallow, eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Weſtminſter. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our navy is addreſs'd, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only, we want a little perſonal ſtrength;
And pauſe us, till theſe rebels, now a foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my ſon of Gloſter,
Where is the prince your brother? [Windſor.

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at

K. Hen. And how accompanied?
P. Humph. I do not know, my lord. [him?
K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in preſence here.
Cla. What would my lord and father?
K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence,
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren:—
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and ſcope;
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united veſſel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)

Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As aconitum, or raſh gunpowder.
Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.
K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windſor with him, Thomas?
Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.
K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'ſt thou tell that?
Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.
K. Hen. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overſpread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you ſhall look upon
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
O, with what wings ſhall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril, and oppos'd decay!
War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no further uſe,
But to be known, and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The prince will, in the perfectneſs of time,
Caſt off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis ſeldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Weſtmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my ſovereign! and new happineſs
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your ſon, doth kiſs your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the biſhop Scroop, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leiſure, may your highneſs read;
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of Winter ſings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majeſty;
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of Engliſh, and of Scots,
Are by the ſheriff of Yorkſhire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach,—ſuch are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*
P. Humph. Comfort, your majeſty!
Cla. O my royal father!
West. My ſovereign lord, cheer up yourſelf, look up!
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll ſtraight be well.
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out theſe pangs:
The inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did ſo, a little time before
That our great grandſire, Edward, ſick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, 'pray.
[*They convey the King to an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.*
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends;
Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit.
War. Call for the muſick in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs. [broad!

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none a-
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be ſick
With joy, he will recover without phyſick.

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords:—ſweet prince,
ſpeak low;
The king your father is diſpos'd to ſleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will ſit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince Henry.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This ſleep is ſound indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven ſhall guard: And put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloſter! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the reſt.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majeſty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you. [ſee him:

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd. [pillow?

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, ſeek him
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe [out.
My ſleep my death?——

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me.—See, ſons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry;
For this they have engroſſed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts, and martial exerciſes:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous ſweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taſte
Yield his engroſſments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not ſtay ſo long
Till his friend ſickneſs hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, Lords, *&c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. Hen. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe! O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſured of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm, to ſanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal ſtate! all you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum:

Have you a ruffian, that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble guilt;
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
(Which my moſt true and inward duteous ſpirit
Teacheth,) this proſtrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my preſent wildneſs die;
And never live to ſhow the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

(And dead almoſt, my liege, to think you were,)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, beſt of gold, art worſt of gold.
Other, leſs fine in carat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, my moſt royal liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride;
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did, with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my ſon!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heaven knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;

For all the ſoil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me,
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: all theſe bold fears,
Thou ſee'ſt, with peril I have anſwered:
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer ſort;
So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a fear
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look
Too near unto my ſtate. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe, to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;

Then plain, and right, muſt my poſſeſſion be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* Lancaſter, *WARWICK*, Lords, *and Others.*

K. HEN. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaſter.

P. JOHN. Health, peace, and happineſs, to my royal father!

K. HEN. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy ſight,
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.——
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. HEN. My lord of Warwick!

K. HEN. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

WAR. 'Tis call'd Jeruſalem, my noble lord.

K. HEN. Laud be to God!—even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſied to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem;
Which vainly I ſuppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Gloſterſhire. *A Hall in* SHALLOW'S *Houſe.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

SHAL. By cock and pye, ſir, you ſhall not away to-night.——What, Davy, I ſay!

FAL. You muſt excuſe me, maſter Robert Shallow.

SHAL. I will not excuſe you; you ſhall not be excuſed;

excuſes ſhall not be admitted; there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve; you ſhall not be excuſed.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, ſir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me ſee, Davy; let me ſee:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. —Sir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

Davy. Marry, ſir, thus;—thoſe precepts cannot be ſerved: and, again, ſir,—Shall we ſow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook; ——Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, ſir.——Here is now the ſmith's note, for ſhoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt, and paid:—ſir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

Davy. Now, ſir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had:—And, ſir, do you mean to ſtop any of William's wages, about the ſack he loſt the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it:——Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of ſhort-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, ſir?

Shal. Yes, Davy, I will uſe him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, ſir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy buſineſs, Davy.

Davy. I beſeech you, ſir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot againſt Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, againſt that Viſor; that Viſor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worſhip, that he is a knave, ſir: but yet, God forbid, ſir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, ſir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your worſhip truly, ſir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but a very little credit with your worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, ſir; therefore, I beſeech your worſhip, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, ſir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, maſter Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the* Page.] Come, ſir John. [*Exit Shallow.*

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horſes. [*Exeunt Bardolph and* Page.] If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen ſuch bearded hermit's-ſtaves as maſter Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his men's ſpirits and his: They, by obſerving him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſerving-man: their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with

maſter Shallow, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of ſix faſhions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he ſhall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders! O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, maſter Shallow; I come, maſter Shallow.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

SCENE II. Weſtminſter. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Warwick, and the Lord Chief Juſtice.

War. How now, my lord chief juſtice? whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purpoſes, he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would, his majeſty had call'd me with him:
The ſervice that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm myſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter Prince JOHN, *Prince* HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, *Westmoreland, and Others.*

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen!
How many nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, couſin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, couſin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk. [heavy!

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have loſt a friend, indeed:
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation:
I am the ſorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak ſir John Falſtaff fair;
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.—
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY *V.*

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven ſave your majeſty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear;
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court;
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceeds,
But Harry Harry: Yet, be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and ſo will I:
But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears,
By number, into hours of happineſs.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majeſty.

King. You all look ſtrangely on me:—and you moſt;
[*To the Ch. Just.*
You are, I think, aſſur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
The immediate heir of England! Was this eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the adminiſtration of his law,
Whiles I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and power of law and juſtice,
The image of the king whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought;
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay, more; to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your workings in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon:
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd,
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted,
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, ſoft ſilencing your ſon:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a king, ſpeak in your ſtate,—
What I have done, that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my liege's ſovereignty.

King. You are right, juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance, and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;—
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon:
And not leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hands of juſtice.—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand;
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wiſe directions.——
And, princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the ſea;
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us chooſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;——

In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.—
[*To the Lord* CHIEF JUSTICE.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our ſtate:
And (God conſigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,—
Heaven ſhorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Gloſterſhire. *The Garden of* SHALLOW'S *Houſe.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

SHAL. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of caraways, and ſo forth;—come, couſin Silence;—and then to bed. [a rich.

FAL. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and

SHAL. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, ſir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; ſpread, Davy: well ſaid, Davy.

FAL. This Davy ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſerving-man, and your huſbandman.

SHAL. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, ſir John.—By the maſs, I have drunk too much ſack at ſupper:——a good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down:—come, couſin.

SIL. Ah, ſirrah! quoth-a,—we ſhall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
And praiſe heaven for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among ſo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good maſter Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give maſter Bardolph ſome wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet ſir, ſit; [*Seating Bardolph and the* Page *at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—moſt ſweet ſir, ſit.——Maſter page, good maſter page, ſit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you muſt bear; The heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter Bardolph;—and my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all; [Singing.
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry ſhrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, maſter Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worſhip?—I'll be with you ſtraight. [*To Bard.*]—A cup of wine, ſir?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's briſk and fine, [Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter Silence.

Sil. And we ſhall be merry;—now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter Silence!

Sil. Fill the cup and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the* Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to maſter Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might ſee you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the maſs, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, maſter Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, ſir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, ſir.

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right, [Singing.

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? Why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An it pleaſe your worſhip, there's one Piſtol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Piſtol?

Pist. God ſave you, ſir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Piſtol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barſon.

Pist. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!—
Sir John, I am thy Piſtol, and thy friend,
And helter-ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then, Piſtol, lay thy head in furies' lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, ſir;—If, ſir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, ſir, under the king, in ſome authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? ſpeak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth:
When Piſtol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak, are juſt.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; ſaddle my horſe.—Maſter Robert Shallow, chooſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Piſtol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter Silence to bed.—Maſter Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—O, ſweet Piſtol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit Bard.*]—Come, Piſtol, utter more to me; and, withal, deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good.—Boot, boot, maſter Shallow; I know, the young king is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief juſtice!

Pist. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they:
Why, here it is; Welcome theſe pleaſant days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in Hoſteſs* Quickly, *and* Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me;

and ſhe ſhall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſaged raſcal; an the child I now go with, do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the lord, that ſir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to ſomebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry!

1 *Bead.* If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Piſtol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwinged for this, you blue-bottle-rogue! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwinged, I'll forſwear half-kirtles.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you ſhe knight-errant; come.

Host. O, that right ſhould thus overcome might! Well; of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a juſtice.

Host. Ay; come, you ſtarved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you raſcal!

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V A public place near Weſtminſter Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, *ſtrewing ruſhes.*

1 *Groom.* More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Deſpatch, deſpatch. [*Exeunt* Grooms.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bleſs thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Piſtol; ſtand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To* SHALLOW.] But 'tis no matter; this poor ſhow doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhows my earneſtneſs of affection.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him: thinking of nothing elſe; putting all affairs elſe in oblivion; as if there were nothing elſe to be done, but to ſee him.

Pist. 'Tis *ſemper idem*, for *abſque hoc nihil eſt*: 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither

By moſt mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's ſnake,
For Doll is in; Piſtol ſpeaks nought but truth.

FAL. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets ſound.*

PIST. There roar'd the ſea, and trumpet-clangor ſounds.

Enter the KING, *and his Train, the* CHIEF JUSTICE *among them.*

FAL. God ſave thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

PIST. The heavens thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

FAL. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

KING. My lord chief juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

CH. JUST. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

FAL. My king! my Jove! I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf;
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the reſt of my miſleaders,—
Not to come near our perſon by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will,—according to your ſtrength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* KING, *and his Train.*

FAL. Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand pound.

SHAL. Ay, marry, ſir John; which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

FAL. That can hardly be, maſter Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

SHAL. I cannot perceive how; unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good ſir John, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

FAL. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

SHAL. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, ſir John.

FAL. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Piſtol;—come, Bardolph:—I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, *the* CHIEF JUSTICE, *Officers, &c.*

CH. JUST. Go, carry ſir John Falſtaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.

FAL. My lord, my lord,——

CH. JUST. I cannot now ſpeak: I will hear you ſoon. Take them away.

PIST. *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſpero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, *and* Officers.

P. JOHN. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. JUST. And ſo they are.

P. JOHN. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. JUST. He hath.

P. JOHN. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

First, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.

Perſons repreſented.

King Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Gloſter,
Duke of Bedford, } *brothers to the King.*

Duke of Exeter, *uncle to the King.*

Duke of York, *couſin to the King.*

Earls of Saliſbury, Weſtmoreland, *and* Warwick.

Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey, } *conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellan, Mackmorris, Jamy, *officers in king* Henry's *army.*

Bates, Court, Williams, *ſoldiers in the ſame.*

Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, *formerly ſervants to* Falſtaff, *now ſoldiers in the ſame.*

Boy, *ſervant to them. A Herald. Chorus.*

Charles *the Sixth, king of* France.

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, *and* Bourbon.

The Conſtable *of* France.

Rambures, *and* Grandpree, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur. Montjoy, a *French Herald.*

Ambaſſadors to the king of England.

Iſabel, *queen of France.*

Katharine, *daughter of* Charles *and* Iſabel.

Alice, *a lady attending on the princeſs* Katharine.

Quickly, Piſtol's *wife, an hoſteſs.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and Engliſh Soldiers, Meſſengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the play lies in England; *but afterwards wholly in* France.

KING HENRY V.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leaſh'd in like hounds, ſhould famine, ſword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this Cockpit hold
The vaſty fields of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, the very caſques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt, in little place, a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work:
Suppoſe, within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whoſe high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts aſunder.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accompliſhment of many years
Into an hourglaſs: For the which ſupply,
Admit me chorus to this hiſtory;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the King's Palace. Enter the Archbiſhop of* CANTERBURY, *and Biſhop of* ELY.

CANT. My lord, I'll tell you,—that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o' the laſt king's reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſs'd,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

ELY. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

CANT. It muſt be thought on. If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thouſand and two hundred good eſquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,

A hundred almshouſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the king, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
To envelop and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With ſuch a heady current, ſcouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are bleſſed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would ſay,—it hath been all-in-all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſick:
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he ſpeaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd ſentences;
So that the art and practick part of life
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorick:
Which is a wonder, how his grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain:
His companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholeſome berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or, rather, ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing the exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his majeſty,—
Upon our ſpiritual convocation;
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,

As touching France,—to give a greater ſum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majeſty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages,
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and ſeat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambaſſador, upon that inſtant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is't four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embaſſy;
Which I could, with a ready gueſs, declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room of State in the ſame.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and Attendants.*

K. HEN. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. HEN. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambaſſador, my liege?

K. HEN. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY, *and Biſhop of* ELY.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrongs give edge unto the ſwords
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſh'd
As pure as ſin with baptiſm. [peers,
Cant. Then hear me, gracious ſovereign,—and you
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne;—There is no bar
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè ſuccedant,

No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjuſtly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having ſubdued the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certain French;
Who, holding in diſdain the German women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſh'd there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I ſaid, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meiſen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not deviſed for the realm of France:
Nor did the French poſſeſs the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-ſix; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did ſeat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King Pepin, which depoſed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being deſcended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet alſo,—that uſurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of Charles the great,—

To fine his title with ſome ſhow of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the ſon
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the ſon
Of Charles the great. Alſo king Lewis the tenth,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the crown of France, till ſatisfy'd
That fair queen Iſabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foreſaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his ſatisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chooſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
Uſurp'd from you and your progenitors. [claim?

K. Hen. May I, with right and conſcience, make this

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread ſovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty anceſtors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,

And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his moſt mighty father on a hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouſe yourſelf,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cauſe, and means, and might;
So hath your highneſs; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and ſword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the ſpirituality
Will raiſe your highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. Hen. We muſt not only arm to invade the French;

But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

CANT. They of thoſe marches, gracious ſovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. HEN. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us;
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather,
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot eſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles, and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

CANT. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exampled by herſelf,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a ſtray,
The king of Scots; whom ſhe did ſend to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with priſoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ooze and bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.

WEST. But there's a ſaying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland firſt begin:

For once the eagle England being in prey,

To her unguarded neſt the weaſel Scot
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouſe, in abſence of the cat,
To ſpoil and havock more than ſhe can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat muſt ſtay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd neceſſity;
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
Congruing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of ſorts:
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, buſy'd in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;

The ſad-ey'd juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariouſly;
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many ſeveral ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams run in one ſelf ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you with all ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the Dauphin

[*Exit an Attendant. The* King *aſcends his throne.*

Now are we all reſolv'd: and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll ſit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almoſt kingly dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them:
Either our hiſtory ſhall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,

Not worſhipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter AMBASSADORS *of* France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May it pleaſe your majeſty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhow you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian king;
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highneſs, lately ſending into France,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, king Edward the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the prince our maſter
Says,—that you ſavour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This tun of treaſure; and, in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin ſpeaks.

K. Hen. What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us;
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a ſet,

Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be diſturb'd
With chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourſelf
To barbarous licence; As 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my ſtate;
Be like a king, and ſhow my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rouſe me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, ſtrike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones; and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: for many a thouſand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear huſbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down;
And ſome are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the Dauphin's ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; And in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,

When thouſands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with ſafe conduct.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* AMBASSADORS.

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. Hen. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it.
[*Deſcends from his throne.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us, but France;
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore, let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reaſonable ſwiftneſs, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now taſk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man:
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian kings,
With winged heels, as Engliſh Mercuries.
For now ſits Expectation in the air;
And hides a ſword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence

Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the ſecond,
Henry lord Scroop of Maſham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings muſt die,
(If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,)
Ere he take ſhip for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digeſt
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is ſet from London; and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouſe now, there muſt you ſit:
And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. The ſame. Eaſtcheap.

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Piſtol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles;—but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a ſimple one; but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe; and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will: and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt, to make you friends; and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to France: let it be ſo, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, ſhe did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things muſt be as they may: men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, ſome ſay, knives have edges. It muſt be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet ſhe will plod. There muſt be concluſions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Mrs. Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Piſtol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine hoſt Piſtol?

Pist. Baſe tike, call'ſt thou me—hoſt?
Now, by this hand I ſwear, I ſcorn the term;
Nor ſhall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be

thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. [*Nym draws his ſword.*] O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now ſhall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Piſh!

Pist. Piſh for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, ſhow the valour of a man, and put up thy ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus*.

[*Sheathing his ſword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face;
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth!
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Piſtol's cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbaſon; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Piſtol, I will ſcour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [*Pistol and Nym draw.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I ſay:—he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I will run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.

Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it. [gain.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy a-
O hound of Crete, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No; to the ſpital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Creſſid's kind,
Doll Tear-ſheet ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only ſhe; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt Piſtol, you muſt come to my maſter,—and you, hoſteſs;—he is very ſick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days: the king has kill'd his heart.—Good huſband, come home preſently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.*

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? We muſt to France together; Why, the devil, ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Baſe is the ſlave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood ſhall compound; Puſh home.

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I ſhall have my eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee,
And friendſhip ſhall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym ſhall live by me;—
Is not this juſt?—for I ſhall ſutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my noble?

Pist. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to ſir John: Ah, poor heart! he is ſo ſhaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou haſt ſpoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Southampton. *A Council-Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

West. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves!
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours,—
That he ſhould, for a foreign purſe, ſo ſell
His ſovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet ſounds. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Maſham,—
And you, my gentle knight,——give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head aſſembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his beſt.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majeſty; there's not, I think, a ſubject,
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.

Grey. Even thoſe, that were your father's enemies,
Have ſteep'd their galls in honey; and do ſerve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;

And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.
Scroop. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil;
And labour ſhall refreſh itſelf with hope,
To do your grace inceſſant ſervices.
K. Hen. We judge no leſs.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider,
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, ſovereign; leſt example
Breed, by his ſufferance, more of ſuch a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. Sir, you ſhow great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,
And tender preſervation of our perſon,—
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highneſs bade me aſk for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And me, my royal ſovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is [yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Maſham;—and, ſir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this ſame is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthineſs.—
My lord of Weſtmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

CAM. I do confeſs my fault;
And do ſubmit me to your highneſs' mercy.

GREY. SCROOP. To which we all appeal.

K. HEN. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare, for ſhame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight,—no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewiſe ſworn.—But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,

Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange,
That, though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs
As black from white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe,
Working ſo groſsly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder, to wait on treaſon, and on murder:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From gliſtering ſemblances of piety;
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhould'ſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that Engliſhman's.
O, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Seem they religious?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Or are they ſpare in diet;

Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger;
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood;
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgement, truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted, didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and beſt indued,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Maſham.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not ſeduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:

My fault, but not my body, pardon, ſovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your king to ſlaughter,
His princes and his peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miſerable wretches, to your death:
The taſte whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators, guarded.*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
But every rub is ſmoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Cheerly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. London. *Mrs.* QUICKLY's *Houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and Boy.*

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-ſweet huſband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yern.—
Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouſe thy vaunting veins;
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for Falſtaff he is dead,
And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, whereſome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's boſom, if ever man went to Arthur's boſom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any chriſtom child; 'a parted even juſt between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide: for after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, ſir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a ſhould not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone; then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nym. They ſay, he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Bor. 'A ſaid once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Bor. Do you not remember, 'a ſaw a flea ſtick upon Bardolph's noſe; and 'a ſaid it was a black ſoul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nym. Shall we ſhog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let ſenſes rule; the word is, *Pitch and pay;*
Truſt none;
For oaths are ſtraws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy chryſtals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck!

Bor. And that is but unwholeſome food, they ſay.

Pist. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hoſteſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*
Enter the FRENCH KING *attended; the* DAUPHIN, *the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *the* CONSTABLE, *and Others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the Engliſh with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, ſhall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all ſwift deſpatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected Engliſh
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion,)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no ſhow of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne

Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd,
He ſends you this moſt memorable line, [*Gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonſtrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the third, he bids you then reſign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws: and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the Dauphin be in preſence here,
To whom expreſsly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I ſtand here for him; What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſbecome

The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my king: and, if your father's highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his majeſty,
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty Europe:
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his ſubjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmoſt grain; which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Deſpatch us with all ſpeed, leaſt that our king
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon deſpatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,

In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhipboys climbing:
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with the inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge: O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to Hartfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies, and old women,
Either paſt, or not arriv'd to, pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppoſe the ambaſſador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,

[*Alarum; and chambers go off.*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. The ſame. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with our Engliſh dead!
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſs, and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height!—On, on, you nobleſt Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is ſet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like ſo many Alexanders,
Have, in theſe parts, from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in England, ſhow us here

The mettle of your paſture; let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's afoot;
Follow your ſpirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and ſaint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Forces paſs over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* BOY.

BARD. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. 'Pray thee, corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-ſong of it.

PIST. The plain-ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

BOY. 'Would I were in an alehouſe in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and ſafety.

PIST. And I:
If wiſhes would prevail with me,
My purpoſe ſhould not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

BOY. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you raſcals! will you not up to the preaches? [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! uſe lenity, ſweet chuck!

Nym. Theſe be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Piſtol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt 'a ſhould be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was againſt a poſt, when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it,—purchaſe. Bardolph ſtole a lute-caſe; bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three halfpence. Nym, and Bardolph, are ſworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they ſtole a fire-ſhovel: I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much againſt my manhood, if I ſhould

take from anothers' pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice: their villainy goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up.

[*Exit Bor.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the duke of Gloſter would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not ſo good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the duke, look you,) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines: By Cheſhu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloſter, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an Iriſhman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheſhu, he is an aſs, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman diſciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a diſtance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheſhu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I ſay, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worſhip, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How, now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chriſh la, tiſh ill done: the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over: I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me, la, in an hour. O, tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion, and partly, for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military diſcipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to diſcourſe. The town is beſeech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chriſh, do nothing; 'tis ſhame for us all: ſo God ſa' me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſt ſa' me, la.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlumber, aile do gude ſervice, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, that is the breff

and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mac. Of my nation? What iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? What iſh my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as goot a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf: ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley ſounded.*

Gow. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. Before the gates of Harfleur. *The* Governour *and ſome Citizens on the walls; the* Engliſh *forces below. Enter King* Henry, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet reſolves the governour of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our beſt mercy give yourſelves;
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt: for, as I am a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt,)
If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell; mowing like graſs
Your freſh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his ſmirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain command
Upon the enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend precépts to the Leviathan
To come aſhore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder, ſpoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſh'd to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting ſlaughtermen.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of ſuccour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates; diſpoſe of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your gueſt;
To-morrow for the march are we addreſt.

[*Flouriſh. The* King, *&c. enter the town.*

SCENE IV. Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Katharine *and* Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.

Alice. Un peu madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enſeignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle eſt appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me ſouviendray. Les doigts? je penſe, qu'ils ſont appellée de fingres; *ouy,* de fingers.

Kath. La main, de hand; *les doigts,* de fingres. *Je*

penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois viſtement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Eſcoutez; dites moy, ſi je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'eſt bien dit, madame; il eſt fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Cath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a preſent.*

Alice. Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.

Kath. Excuſez moy, Alice; eſcoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De neck, *madame.*

Kath. De neck: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De ſin. *Le col*, de neck: *le menton*, de ſin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur; en verité, vous prononces les mots auſſi droict que les natifs d' Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf voſtre honneur, de elbow.

KATH. Ainſi dis je; de elbow, de neck, *et* de ſin: *Comment appellez vouz le pieds et la robe?*

ALICE. De foot, *madame; et* de con.

KATH. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont mots de ſon mauvais, corruptible, groſſe, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'uſer: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon enſemble.* De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de con.

ALICE. Excellent, madame!

KATH. C'eſt aſſez pour une fois; allons nous a diſner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter the FRENCH KING, *the* DAUPHIN, *duke of* BOURBON, *the* CONSTABLE *of* France, *and Others.*

FR. KING. 'Tis certain, he hath paſs'd the river Some.

CON. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAU. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our ſcions, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Spirt up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters? [ards!

BOUR. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſt-
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my dukedom,
To buy a ſlobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten iſle of Albion.

CON. Dieu de battailes! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in deſpite, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houſes thatch, whiles a more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

DAU. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of Engliſh youth,
To new-ſtore France with baſtard warriors.

BOUR. They bid us—to the Engliſh dancing-ſchools,
And teach lavoltas high, and ſwift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty runaways. [hence;

FR. KING. Where is Montjóy, the herald? ſpeed him
Let him greet England with our ſharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
More ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high conſtable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouſſi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Leſtrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great ſeats, now quit you of great ſhames.
Bar Harry England, that ſweeps throw our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The Alps doth ſpit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Roüen
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſh'd in their march;
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord conſtable, haſte on Montjóy;
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you ſhall ſtay with us in Roüen.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord conſtable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The Engliſh *Camp in* Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? came you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervice committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermoſt powers: he is not, (God be praiſed and pleſſed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps

the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an enſign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no eſtimation in the 'orld; but I did ſee him do gallant ſervice.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Piſtol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praiſe Got; and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a ſoldier, firm and ſound of heart,
Of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddeſs blind,
That ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Piſtol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you that fortune is plind: And ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel; to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning, and inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a moſt excellent deſcription of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath ſtol'n a *pix*, and hanged muſt 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.
Therefore, go ſpeak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Piſtol, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the duke to uſe his goot pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit Pistol.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: But it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf, at his return into London, under the form of a ſoldier. And ſuch fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where ſervices were done; —at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgraced, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up

with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid ſuit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhow to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pleſs your majeſty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cameſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, ſo pleaſe your majeſty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages: Marry, th'athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your majeſty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you loſt, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all ſuch offenders ſo cut off: —and we give expreſs charge, that, in our marches

through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abuſed in diſdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter MONTJOY.

MONT. You know me by my habit.

K. HEN. Well then, I know thee; What ſhall I know of thee.

MONT. My maſter's mind.

K. HEN. Unfold it.

MONT. Thus ſays my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep; Advantage is a better ſoldier, than raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we ſpeak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him, therefore, conſider of his ranſom; which muſt proportion the loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we have loſt, the diſgrace we have digeſted; which, in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſs would bow under. For our loſſes, his exchequer is too poor; for the effuſion of our blood, the muſter of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his own perſon, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and maſter; ſo much my office.

K. HEN. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONT. Montjoy.

K. HEN. Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and 'vantage,)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled;
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of Engliſh legs
Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom, is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army, but a weak and ſickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo, Montjoy, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it;
So tell your maſter.

Mont. I ſhall deliver ſo. Thanks to your highneſs.

[*Exit Montjoy.*

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws towards night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves;

And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The French *Camp, near* Agincourt.

Enter the CONSTABLE *of* France, *the Lord* RAMBURES, *the Duke of* ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *and Others.*

Con. Tut! I have the beſt armour of the world.—— 'Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!——I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegaſus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for Perſeus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtillneſs, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other jades you may call——beaſts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL. No more, couſin.

DAU. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the ſea; turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject for a ſovereign to reaſon on, and for a ſovereign's ſovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,*—

ORL. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

DAU. Then did they imitate that which I compoſed to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

ORL. Your miſtreſs bears well.

DAU. Me well; which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular miſtreſs.

CON. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

DAU. So, perhaps, did yours.

CON. Mine was not bridled.

DAU. O! then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hoſe off, and in your ſtrait troſſers.

CON. You have good judgement in horſemanſhip.

DAU. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

CON. I had as lief have my miſtreſs a jade.

DAU. I tell thee, conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

CON. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a ſow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, et la truie lavee au bourbier: thou makeſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My lord conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Even as your horſe bears your praiſes; who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. 'Would, I were able to load him with his deſert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with Engliſh faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the Engliſh.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the Engliſh.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, ſimply, the moſt active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will ſtill be doing.

ORL. He never did harm, that I heard of.

CON. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name ſtill.

ORL. I know him to be valiant.

CON. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

ORL. What's he?

CON. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he cared not who knew it.

ORL. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

CON. By my faith, ſir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

ORL. Ill will never ſaid well.

CON. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendſhip.

ORL. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

CON. Well placed; there ſtands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

ORL. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.

CON. You have ſhot over.

ORL. 'Tis not the firſt time you were overſhot.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. My lord high conſtable, the Engliſh lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

CON. Who hath meaſured the ground?

MESS. The lord Grandpré.

CON. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That iſland of England breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples: You may as well ſay,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs, in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but theſe Engliſh are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we ſhall find to-morrow—they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me ſee,—by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred Engliſhmen.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,

The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fix'd ſentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch:
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowſy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Preſenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt;
Bids them good morrow, with a modeſt ſmile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthineſs define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly;
Where, (O for pity!) we ſhall much diſgrace—
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, ſit and ſee;
Minding true things, by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. The Engliſh *Camp at* Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. HEN. Gloſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhould our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry:
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old ſir Thomas Erpingham;

A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of France.

Erp. Not ſo, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pains,
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, ſir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Deſire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We ſhall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Bedford.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my boſom muſt debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* Erpingham.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou ſpeak'ſt cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Diſcuſs unto me; Art thou officer?
Or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. Hen. Even ſo: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtrings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*

Pist. Le Roy! A Corniſh name: art thou of Corniſh crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welſhman.

Pist. Know'ſt thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon ſaint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinſman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Piſtol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower, *ſeverally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheſhu Chriſt, ſpeak lower. It is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms

of it, and the ſobriety of it, and the modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welſhman.

Enter Bates, Court, and Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. Hen. Under ſir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he ſhould. For, though I ſpeak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the element ſhows to him, as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but

human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are: Yet, in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhowing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhow what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the Thames up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the king; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſom'd, and a many poor mens' lives ſaved.

K. Hen. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented, as in the king's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cauſe be not good, the king himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at ſuch

a place; ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. Hen. So, if a ſon, that is by his father ſent about merchandiſe, do ſinfully miſcarry upon the ſea, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him: or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command, tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation:—But this is not ſo: the king is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no king, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if theſe men have defeated the law, and outrun native puniſhment, though they can outſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſh'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the

death, they have borne life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for the which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the king's; but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every mote out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me; and yet I detetmine to fight luſtily for him.

K. Hen. I myſelf heard the king ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. Hen. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. 'Maſs, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous ſhot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is ſomething too round; I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dareſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap: If ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dareſt as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you Engliſh fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their ſhoulders: But it is no Engliſh treaſon, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himſelf will be a clipper. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our ſins, lay on the king;—we muſt bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatneſs,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whoſe ſenſe no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, ſave general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhow me but thy worth!
What is the ſoul of adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O, be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The entertiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world,
No, not all theſe, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,

Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help Hyperion to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Had the forehand and 'vantage of a king.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

ERP. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. HEN. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

ERP. I ſhall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts!
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſenſe of reckoning, if the oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for Richard's ſoul. More will I do:

Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloſter's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The French *Camp.*

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Orl. The ſun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. Montez a cheval:—My horſe! *valet! lacquey!* ha!

Orl. O brave ſpirit!

Dau. Via!—les eaux et la terre——

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu——

Dau. Ciel! couſin Orleans,——

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark, how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides;
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And dout them with ſuperfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horſes' blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The Engliſh are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horſe, you gallant princes! ſtraight to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhow ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins,

To give each naked curtle-axe a ſtain,
That our French gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exceptions, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys, and our peaſants,—
Who, in unneceſſary action, ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's baſis by
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket-ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of France?
Yon iſland carrions, deſperate of their bones,
I'll-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big Mars ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty beaver peeps.
Their horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale-dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors, the knaviſh crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To démonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle
In life ſo lifeleſs as it ſhows itſelf. [death.

Con. They have ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners, and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting horſes provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard; On, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away!
The ſun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter the Engliſh *hoſt;* GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himſelf is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloſter,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinſman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Saliſbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;

Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin Weſtmoreland?—No, my fair couſin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But, if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wiſh not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I have. O, do not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it, Weſtmoreland, through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feaſt of Criſpian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian.
He, that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his friends,

And ſay—to-morrow is ſaint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhow his ſcars,
And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpin's day.
Old men forget; yet all ſhall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as houſehold words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Gloſter,—
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd:
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon ſaint Criſpin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My ſovereign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The French are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

West. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from England, couſin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out! [men;

K. Hen. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand

Which likes me better, than to wiſh us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Muſt lie and feſter.

K. Hen. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mont. The Conſtable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work:
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our Engliſh;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.

Let me ſpeak proudly;—Tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all beſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt,
(Good argument, I hope, we ſhall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry:
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers' heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do this,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall,) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mont. I ſhall, king Harry. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ranſom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, ſoldiers, march away:
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The Field of Battle.

Alarums; Excurſions; Enter FRENCH SOLDIER, PISTOL, *and* BOY.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Conſtrue me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. O ſeigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, ſignieur Dew ſhould be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O ſignieur Dew, and mark;—
O ſignieur Dew, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O ſignieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. O, prennez miſericorde! ayez pitié de moy!

Pist. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. Eſt il impoſſible d'eſchapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Braſs, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy!

Pist. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy; Aſk me this ſlave in French,
What is his name.

Bor. Eſcoutez; Comment eſtes vous appellé?

Fr. Sol. Monſieur le Fer.

Bor. He ſays, his name is—maſter Fer.

Pist. Maſter Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him:—diſcuſs the ſame in French unto him.

Bor. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monſieur?

Bor. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous preſt;

car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, peſant,
Unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.

Pist. What are his words?

Bor. He prays you to ſave his life: he is a gentleman of a good houſe; and, for his ranſom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury ſhall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monſieur, que dit-il?

Bor. Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier; neantmoins, pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promis, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: & je m'eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres diſtingué ſeigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Bor. He gives you, upon his knees, a thouſand thanks: and he eſteems himſelf happy that he hath fallen into the hands of, (as he thinks) the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy ſignieur of England.

Pist. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhow.—
Follow me, cur. [*Exit Pistol.*

Bor. Suivez vous le grand capitaine.

[*Exit French Soldier.*

I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a

heart: but the ſaying is true,—The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Con. O diable!

Orl. O ſeigneur!—le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meſchante fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A ſhort alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame!—let's ſtab ourſelves.
Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we ſent to for his ranſom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die inſtant: Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a baſe pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminate.

Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort; elſe, ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces; Exeter, and Others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant country-men:
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your ma-jeſty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the ſpur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave ſoldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear couſin Suffolk!*
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He ſmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſs'd his lips;
And ſo, eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopp'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this ſame?—
The French have reinforc'd their ſcatter'd men:—
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expreſsly againſt the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld: In your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran from the battle, have done this ſlaughter: beſides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, moſt worthily, hath cauſed every ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alex[illegible]er the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called——Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you ſhall find, in the compariſons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is alſo moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis ſo like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his peſt friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finiſh'd. I ſpeak but in the figures and compariſons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgements, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jeſts, and

gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falſtaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, with a part of the Engliſh *forces; Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, and Others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Until this inſtant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſkir away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have;
And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy:—Go, and tell them ſo.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs

In blood of princes;) and their wounded ſteeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!—
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin Criſpianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your majeſty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majeſty ſays very true: If your majeſties is remember'd of it, the Welſhmen did goot ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majeſty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice: and, I do believe, your majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon ſaint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour.
For I am Welſh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot waſh your majeſties Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that:

Got pleſs it and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace, and his majeſty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheſhu, I am your majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confeſs it to all the 'orld: I need not be aſhamed of your majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. Hen. God keep me ſo!—Our heralds go with him; Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy, and Others.*

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Engliſhman?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, a raſcal, that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can ſee my glove in his cap, (which he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a vil-

lain, and a Jack-ſauce, as ever his plack ſhoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conſcience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who ſerveſt thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, an thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be deſired in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain ſee it once; an pleaſe Got of his grace, that I might ſee it.

K. Hen. Know'ſt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloſter,
Follow Fluellen cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'the ear;
It is the ſoldier's; I, by bargain, ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin Warwick:

If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and ſee there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Before King HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleaſure, captain, I peſeech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the univerſal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, ſir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majeſty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praiſed be Got for it!) a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his majeſty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has ſtruck the glove which your majeſty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promiſed to wear it in his cap; I promiſed to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majeſty hear now, (ſaving your majeſty's manhood,) what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſy knave it is: I hope, your majeſty is pear me teſtimony, and witneſs, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike; and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majeſty.

K. Hen. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your majeſty came not like yourſelf: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs

ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your highneſs, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to ſerve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and diſſenſions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes: Come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful? your ſhoes is not ſo goot: 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an Engliſh *Herald.*

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'ſquires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thouſand French,
That in the field lie ſlain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-ſix: added to theſe,
Of knights, eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries;
The reſt are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'ſquires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high conſtable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great-maſter of France, the brave ſir Guiſchard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of luſty earls,
Grandpré, and Rouſſi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Leſtrale.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!——
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

[*Herald preſents another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, eſquire:
None elſe of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all.—When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great and little loſs,
On one part, and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,

Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment, That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum.*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchſafe to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the ſea: Behold, the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: ſo let him land;
And, ſolemnly, ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords deſire him, to have borne

His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouſe of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in beſt ſort,—
Like to the ſenators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians ſwarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæſar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empreſs
(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his ſword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's ſtay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back return again to France;
There muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to France. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. France. *An* Engliſh *Court of guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek to-day? ſaint Davy's day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The raſcally, ſcald, beggarly, lowſy, pragging knave, Piſtol,—which you and yourſelf, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pleſs you, ancient Piſtol! you ſcurvy, lowſy knave, Got pleſs you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? [Trojan,
Hence! I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſy knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; becauſe, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it, I would deſire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be ſo goot, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Baſe Trojan, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when Got's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is ſauce for it. [*Striking him*

again.] You call'd me yeſterday, mountain-ſquire; but I will make you to-day a ſquire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat, and eat, I ſwear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the ſkin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an

honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh cudgel: you find it otherwiſe; and, henceforth, let a Welſh correction teach you a good Engliſh condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?.
News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the ſpital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd: Well, bawd will I turn,
And ſomething lean to cutpurſe of quick hand.
To England will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal:
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Troyes *in* Champagne. *An Apartment in the* FRENCH KING'S *Palace.*

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; at another, the* FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, *the Princeſs* KATHARINE, *Lords, Ladies, &c. the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France,—and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely couſin Katharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,)

We do ſalute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And princes French, and peers, health to you all!
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes Engliſh, every one.
Q. Isa. So happy be the iſſue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You Engliſh princes all, I do ſalute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, [bour'd
Great kings of France and England! That I have la-
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightineſs on both parts beſt can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,—
Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneſs;
Even ſo our houſes, and ourſelves, and children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences that ſhould become our country;
But grow, like ſavages,—as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To ſwearing, and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniences,
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands;
Whoſe tenours and particular effects

You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no anſwer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your grace
To appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To reſurvey them, we will, ſuddenly,
Paſs our accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. Hen. Brother, we ſhall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloſter,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll conſign thereto.—Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our couſin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* HENRY, KATHARINE, *and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and moſt fair!
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

KATH. Your majeſty ſhall mock at me; I cannot ſpeak your England.

K. HEN. O fair Katharine, if you will love me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your Engliſh tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATH. Pardonez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

KATH. Que dit-il? que je ſuis ſemblable à les anges?

ALICE. Ouy, vrayment, (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit il.

K. HEN. I ſaid ſo, dear Katharine; and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

KATH. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines des tromperies.

K. HEN. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princeſs.

K. HEN. The princeſs is the better Engliſh-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding: I am glad, thou can'ſt ſpeak no better Engliſh; for, if thou couldſt, thou wouldſt find me ſuch a plain king, that thou would'ſt think, I had ſold my farm to buy my crown. I know now no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to ſay—Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands, and a bargain: How ſay you, lady?

KATH. Souf voſtre honneur, me underſtand well.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the

other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning, that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier: If thou canſt love me for this, take me: if not, to ſay to thee—that I ſhall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liveſt, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy; for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themſelves into ladies' favours,—they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What! a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a ſtraight back will ſtoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and moon; or, rather, the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me: And take me, take a ſoldier; take a ſoldier, take a king: And what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of France?

K. HEN. No; it is not poſſible, you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you ſhould love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off. *Quand j'ay la poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous avez le poſſeſſion de moi,* (let me ſee, what then? Saint Dennis be my ſpeed!)—*donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

KATH. Sauf voſtre honneur, le François que vous parlez, eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. HEN. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy ſpeaking of my tongue, and I thine, moſt truly falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, doſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou love me?

KATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll aſk them. Come, I know, thou loveſt me: and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'ſt mine, Kate, (as I have a ſaving faith

within me, tells me,—thou ſhalt,) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between ſaint Dennis and ſaint George, compound a boy, half French, half Engliſh, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: do but now promiſe, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of ſuch a boy; and, for my Engliſh moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How anſwer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deeſſe?*

Kath. Your *majeſté* 'ave *fauſſe* French enough to deceive de moſt *ſage damoiſelle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my falſe French! By mine honour, in true Engliſh, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not ſwear, thou lov'ſt me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore I was created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more ſpoil upon my face: thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, moſt fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empreſs; take me by the hand, and ſay—

Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud —England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt king, thou ſhalt find the beſt king of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, Wilt thou have me?

KATH. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe de *roy mon pere.*

K. HEN. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate; it ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

KATH. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. HEN. Upon that I will kiſs your hand, and I call you—my queen.

KATH. Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant ſeigneur.

K. HEN. Then I will kiſs your lips, Kate.

KATH. Les dames, & damoiſelles, pour eſtre baiſeés devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coûtume de France.

K. HEN. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiſer, en* Engliſh.

K. HEN. To kiſs.

ALICE. Your majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. HEN. It is not a faſhion for the maids in France to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

ALICE. Ouy, vrayment.

K. HEN. O, Kate, nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the

weak liſt of a country's faſhion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, ſtops the mouths of all-find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice faſhion of your country, in denying me a kiſs: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a ſugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarch. Here comes your father.

Enter the FRENCH KING *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Bur. God ſave your majeſty! my royal couſin, teach you our princeſs Engliſh?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good Engliſh.

Bur. Is ſhe not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not ſmooth: ſo that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Bur. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roſed over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked ſeeing ſelf? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excuſed, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the fly, your couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thank love for my blindneſs; who cannot ſee many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. Hen. I am content; ſo the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhow me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. Hen. Is't ſo, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, firſt; and then, in ſequel, all,
According to their firm propoſed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:—
Where your majeſty demands,—that the king of France,

having any occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your highneſs in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon; and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet boſoms, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen! [all,

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witneſs
That here I kiſs her as my ſovereign queen. [*Flouriſh.*

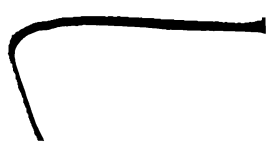
Q. Iſa. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receive each other!—God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for ſurety of our leagues.—
Then ſhall I ſwear to Kate,—and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of England: fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the ſixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king ſucceed;
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOLUME THIRD.